

THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1881.

OCEAN GROVE.

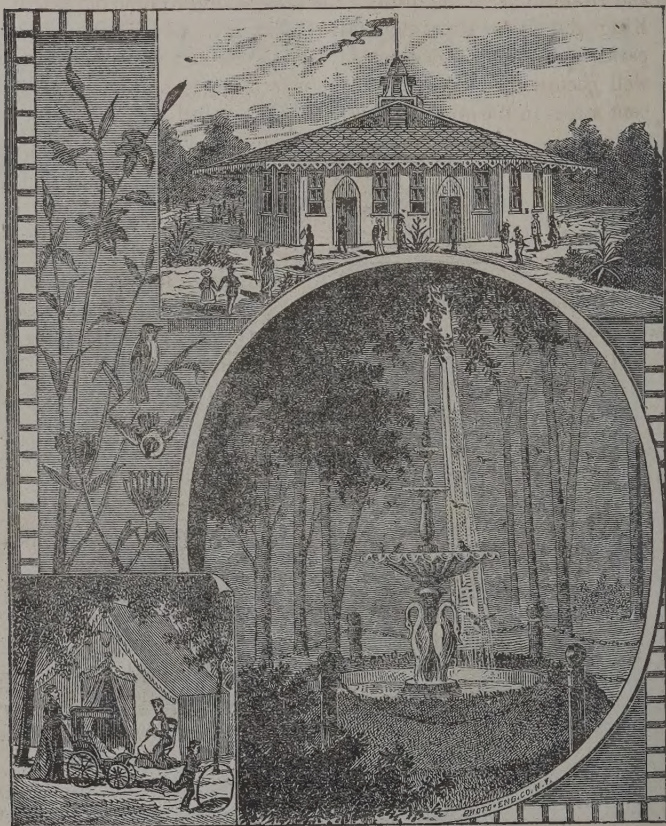


THOMPSON PARK, OCEAN GROVE.

FROM its proximity to the two largest cities on this continent, Ocean Grove, as a summer resort, offers peculiar attractions to Canadians. Situated about midway between New York and Philadelphia, it forms a good resting-place between visits to these two cities. We would recommend the tourist from Western Canada to go by the Erie Railway, which traverses the grand and rugged scenery of Southern New York. It is one of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill on the continent, and presents some of the sublimest views east of the Rocky Mountains.

We would advise the traveller in search of rest and recreation to stop over night at Elmira. It costs less than a sleeping-berth, and one gets a good

night's rest, and has daylight to enjoy the fine views. If one takes the New York Central, the scenery is much more tame, but he has the opportunity to visit the fine cities of Rochester and Albany, and he may enjoy the noble scenery of the Hudson



TENT LIFE.

FOUNTAIN OF 1880.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPLE.

from the steamboat, or from the train, which is much inferior. We advise, however, a trip up the Hudson from New York, as far as West Point or Newburgh, and a wait of a few hours for the return boat. The scenery of the Hudson is much grander

and bolder than that of the far-famed Rhine; and if it has not the castled crags and legend-haunted mountains of the European river, it is not without its historic and poetic associations. Memories of the Revolution, and of the gentle genius of Irving and Drake, invest the dreamy Tappan See and the grand old Storm King and Crow Nest mountains. The art galleries, museums, parks, and other attractions of New York and Brooklyn, may well occupy a few days. We believe there is no more magnificent street in the world than Broadway.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, OCEAN GROVE.

At Philadelphia, one should not fail to enjoy a drive through Fairmount Park; a view of the city from Belmont Terrace; a sail up the Schuylkill, a ramble up the Wissahickon, and visit to Laurel Hill Cemetery, the most beautiful in America. For a return route, we would strongly advise the Lehigh Valley Railway, with a stop over night at Mauch Chunk, and an ascent by inclined railway, of Mount Pisgah. The sunset view is sub-

limely grand. The whole valley is extremely picturesque. Scarcely less so is the beautiful valley of the Susquehanna, which we also traverse. It derives imperishable interest from Campbell's tragic story of fair "Gertrude of Wyoming," and from the awful massacre of 1778, the monument of whose victims still exists. More pleasant associations connect it with the missionary heroism of the Moravian brethren, who here won some of their most signal triumphs of faith.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

An hour's ride from Elmira will enable one to visit the famous Watkins' Glen, illustrated in previous numbers of this Magazine. So much for the route to and from Ocean Grove. For the following information about the place itself, we are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. Frank H. Wallace, who writes from intimate personal acquaintance:—

Ocean Grove is situated about fifty miles from New York, and about the same from Philadelphia. It is reached from Liberty Street, New York, by New Jersey Central Railroad, and from Philadelphia by the same, connecting with the Pennsylvania Railroad. Or one may take steamer from New York, down its noble bay to Sandy Hook, or to Long Branch, which is only six miles north of Ocean Grove, and thence for a trifle by stage. There are many trains to and from New York every day, except



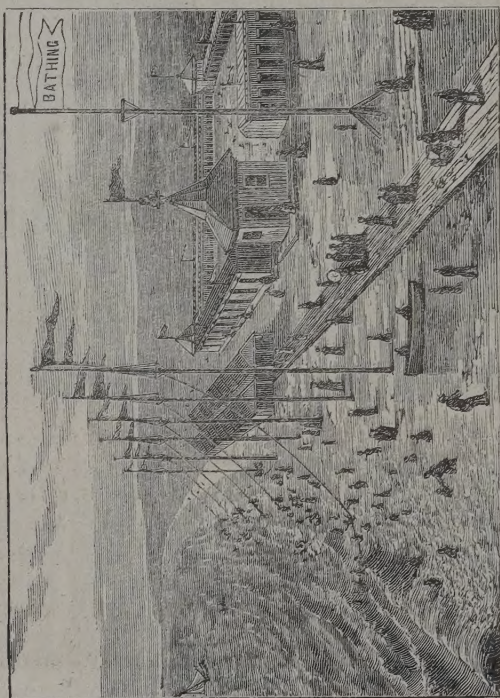
SURF MEETING.

Sunday, when there are none. The price of excursion tickets is \$1.85.

The parcel of land comprised in the Grove extends about three-quarters of a mile along the shore, runs back over half a mile, nearly to the railroad track, and is bounded on the north by a long, narrow body of water, known as Wesley Lake, and on the south by a similar body of water, known as Fletcher Lake. Across Wesley Lake lies Asbury Park. This is a very large piece of ground, owned by Mr. Bradley, an enterprising gentleman, who has laid it out in magnificently-wide avenues, cut it into large lots, and already secured the erection of a great number of large and handsome residences, hotels, churches, bathing-houses, etc. Asbury Park is a second Ocean Grove, but not devoted so directly to religious purposes.

Across Fletcher Lake, lies Ocean Park, another large property, only very partially laid out and built up. The whole coast of New Jersey seems destined to become one great continuous watering-place.

In the Grove are very many hotels and boarding-houses, in which the visitor may find accommodation at various rates, from \$7 a week up, indefinitely high. In the height of the season, six or seven hundred commodious canvas tents are pitched and to rent, and there are six or seven hundred cottages, some small (three or four rooms), most larger, and many amply capacious to accommodate very large families, and very attractive in their neat architecture. A number of shops provide amply for house-keeping; the streets are lighted and drained; in the height of



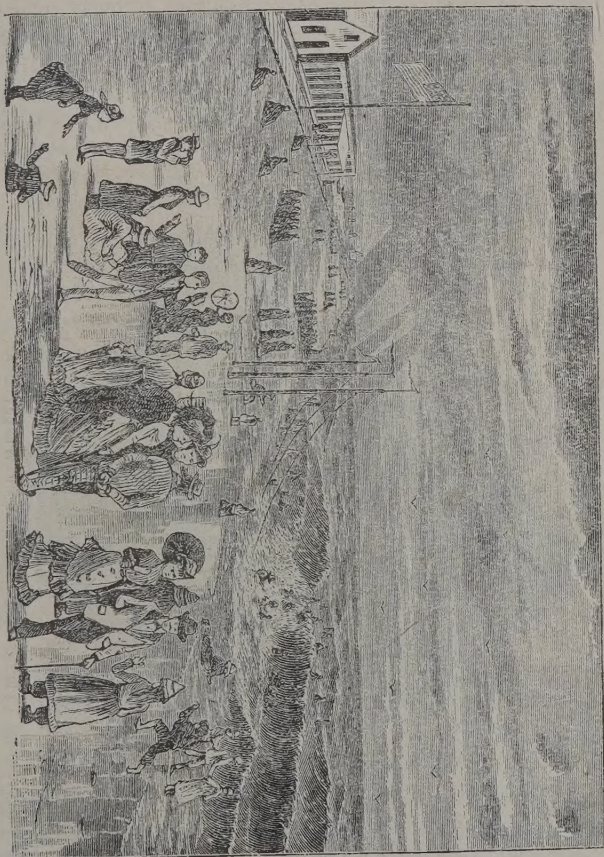
BATHING-GROUNDS, FOOT OF WESLEY LAKE.

the season there are as many as 30,000 people in Ocean Grove and Asbury Park, fleeing from the fierce city heat, and glad of a breath of sea air, or a dip in salt water.

The bathing is good—better beach than Long Branch—gentler slope; good bathing-houses, with every accommodation. Lines

out in the sea for the timid; and bathing-masters to keep a good look out. No one has been drowned yet at Ocean Grove. For those who fear to trust themselves within the sweep of the surf, there are hot and cold sea baths to be quietly enjoyed in the

BATHING-SCENE, FOOT OF WESLEY LAKE.

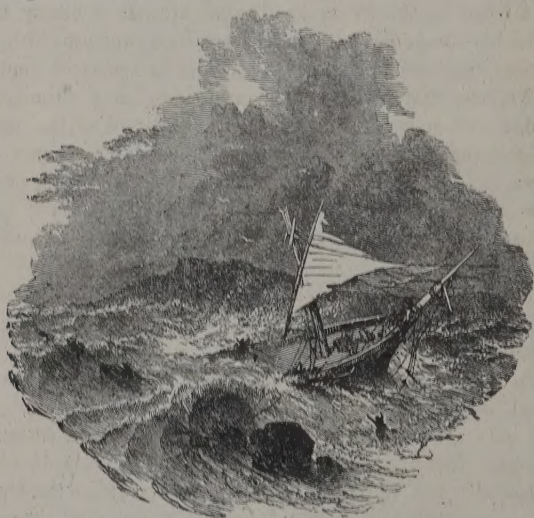


bathing-house. Several large pavilions, where one may sit and watch the lively scene, as hundreds of bathers in their pretty suits jump and tumble and swim about in the dashing waves.

For two miles, or about that, there is a good plank-walk along the shore, so that without struggling wearily along in loose sand, one may enjoy a bracing walk by the sea. Or if you please, you

may choose one of the many seats bountifully provided, and sit by the hour enjoying the sight of dark waters breaking into foam, of passing steamers or sailing vessels, and that delicious breeze which fairly makes you over again, and fits you so well for the next winter's work.

The drive to Long Branch is delightful. A few miles south, on the Shark River, you may fish; and on Wesley and Fletcher Lake, row boats and sail boats in hundreds lightly skim along. By night the scene is fairyland on Wesley Lake—lights all along the shore—boats passing in every direction, singing and shouts and laughter from them all.



AUTUMN STORM.

The Grove is under the strict and absolute, but most beneficent, government, of an association of ministers and laymen. Strict order is enforced by numerous policemen. By act of State legislation, the sale of intoxicating liquor is absolutely prohibited within a mile of the Grove. Gates are closed at ten on Saturday night, and kept closed until Monday morning, and no driving or bathing is allowed within the enclosure on Sunday.

Of the religious services we have already spoken. Concerning the chief of them all, Mr. Wallace remarks:—The genial and

able President of the Association, Dr. Stokes, takes personal charge of the camp-meeting, and guides all affairs with a firm and wise hand. Last summer Bishop Harris, Dr. Fowler, Rev. Thomas Guard, our own Dr. Lachlin Taylor, and many others, eminent ministers, took part in the services. Neither preachers nor people are of one denomination, or of one nationality. One Sunday morning last summer, in calling on Dr. Taylor to close the service, Dr. Stokes remarked: "A brother from Canada read the Scriptures to us, a brother from Maryland preached, a brother from India has just prayed, and now Scotland will give us the benediction."

In a letter to the writer, Dr. Stokes extends a hearty invitation to his Canadian friends to come and worship with their American brethren by the sea. At all of the services, continues Mr. Wallace, there was much enthusiasm, and although not attended with such results as accompanied some of the old-time camp-meetings, yet several hundreds professed conversion. The indirect influence of such a plan and such scenes, is, perhaps, greater than the direct. Men and women must have carried new thoughts and fresh life home with them for their own Church work.

One of the grand scenes is the Sunday evening Surf Meeting. At six the bell rings, and people gather. Families group together, carry stools, or sit down on the sand. A little gathering at first, rapidly enlarges, until there are ten thousand people or more sitting or standing on the beach, or sauntering by on the plank-walk, all able to join in the singing, if not all to hear the speaking. Slips of paper, with passages of Scripture for responsive reading, and hymns for singing, are scattered among the crowd. The sound of a cornet leads, and a mighty sound goes up, mingled with the ocean's ceaseless roar. Then come brief stirring addresses, more responsive Scripture reading, and more singing; while almost invariably at that hour, steamers bound from or for the distant Southern ports, pass by as near the shore as safety will permit. The scene is solemn, inspiring, unique—reminding one of the scenes of like nature in former days, by the Sea of Galilee.

Beside the Sea the wond'ring people stood,
Or sat, or bowed, devotion's earnest throng;
The spirit, lost in worship's attitude,
Mingled its praises with the billow's song.

O widening sea! O ever-heaving flood!

Here on thy margin, where the surges roar,
Thy people rise to thee, O blessed God.

They weep, they worship, triumph and adore.

There are various other religious influences—*Ocean Grove Journal*, published weekly, a branch of the N. Y. Book Concern; and everything which sanctified ingenuity can adopt to make Ocean Grove a safe and wholesome place, free, as far as possible, from the temptations of the older watering-places, and, while bracing the body, not enervating or debauching the soul. Ocean Grove is, in short, on a large scale, what our Grimsby is on a small scale.

The fair-seeming summer sea, whose deep pulsations seem calm as an infant's slumber, has also its wilder, sterner moods. When the fierce autumnal gales sweep the waves, this harbourless coast is the dread of the countless ships sailing to and from the neighbouring port of New York. Then, too often is repeated



AFTER THE STORM.

the tragedy described in Longfellow's exquisite "Wreck of the Hesperus," and portrayed in two of our engravings:—

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman's woe.

At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The Rev. Dr. Stokes, the President of the Ocean Grove Association, himself a poet of distinguished genius, has edited a charming collection of sea-side poems, reflecting the varied aspects of this many-voiced, resounding sea :—

Smiling and weeping, tempest and calm,
 Sunlight and shadow, dropped from above ;
 Hoarseness of thunder, softness of psalm,
 Tumult of terror, sweetness of love ;
 Solemn and joyful, fettered and free,
 Humanly sensitive, changeable sea.

With a brief quotation, illustrative of our final picture, we conclude this paper :—



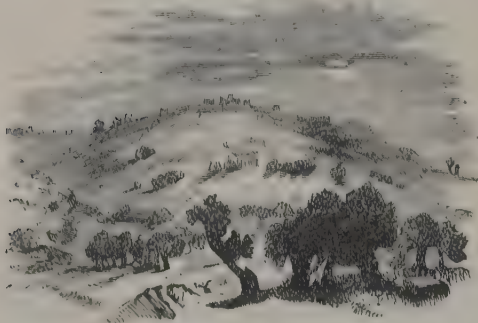
ON THE BEACH.

I sit upon the white sands of the sea ;
 The solemn waves sigh softly at my feet ;
 A great, tall ship, with sails all set, complete,
 O'er the blue deep moves on in majesty.
 The little children gather shells in glee ;
 Two lovers, lost in admiration, gaze,
 And lisp, and dream, and picture coming days
 When life shall be as sweet as sweet can be.
 A little on, the sire and matron move,
 Musing o'er all the past in tender mood,
 Feeling so fully that the Lord is good,
 And that, compared with His eternal love,
 The vast, sublime, and calm or stormy sea,
 Is but a drop, lost in immensity !

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.

BY THE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, B.D., LL.B.



MOUNT OF OLIVES.

THE walks and rides about Jerusalem are exceedingly interesting. Perhaps our most pleasant excursion was that over the Mount of Olives, as far as Bethany. Instead of taking the direct road through St. Stephen's Gate on the east, we rode out of the Jaffa Gate on the west, and down the valley of Gihon. A short distance to the south, we came to a large, dry reservoir, known as the Lower Pool of Gihon, covering a space of over three and a half acres. It was here the youthful Solomon was anointed king, and then ascended the slopes of Zion, while "the people piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy." The wide, open valley contracts into what is known as the Valley of Hinnom. The path descends rapidly, the verdure disappears, and the bare brown rocks become harsh, craggy, and sombre as we enter a ravine, that, to the imagination as well as the eye, is a scene of desolation. To the right rises the barren hill of Evil Counsel, its slopes pierced with tombs. Midway up this hill is the so-called Potter's Field, of infamous memory. On the summit is the traditional site of the house of the high priest, Annas, in which the Jews laid their plans for the seizure of Christ. Down in this shadowy gorge once stood the horrid image of

Moloch, in whose brazen hands little children were once laid to be consumed. So horrible were the atrocities committed, that Josiah—that “expectancy and rose of the fair state,” blighted, alas, so soon!—had it defiled with dead men’s bones, that no Jew might enter it. Thenceforward it became the garbage-ground of the city, where worms fattened and fires burned by day and night. No wonder the Jews took the name *Gehenna* for hell; and that the Saviour should speak of the “worm that dieth not, and the fire that is not quenched.” Milton thus writes of these atrocities:—

“Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents’ tears,
Though for the noise of drums and timbrels loud,
Their children’s cries unheard, that passed through fire
To his grim idol—in the pleasant vale of Hinnom,
Tophet thence,
And black Gehenna called, the type of Hell.”

Where the valley joins that of the Kidron, coming down the eastern side of the city, it widens into a space sufficient for gardens and olive orchards. Turning up the valley to the left, we mounted the slope a short distance to inspect the Pool of Siloam, where—

“In the mountain’s breast
Its springs of living silver make their nest.”

It lies low down in a small reservoir, fifty feet long, by fifteen broad and nineteen deep, whence the water flows by a subterranean channel to the gardens below. The sight of two men bathing in it reminded us of Christ’s instruction to the blind man, “Go, wash in the Pool of Siloam.” Proceeding up the valley, we had on our right the Mount of Offence, or Hill of Scandal, a bare, bleak, barren hill, without tree or verdure. It obtained its name from the tradition that on its summit Solomon reared altars to Chemosh and Moloch, and burned incense to strange gods. On its western slope is the little village of Silwan, a miserable collection of huts. Opposite to it is the Fountain of the Virgin, so called from the monkish legend that here the mother of Jesus came to wash her linen. It is an intermitting fountain, flowing at intervals two or three times a day. Its waters are fed by a channel leading from the centre of

the hill, and its overflow passes by an underground course to the Pool of Siloam.

We continued our journey northward in the dry bed of the Kedron, and found that this valley of Jehoshaphat is the chosen abode of the dead. Myriads of slab-covered graves lie scattered on the slopes of the surrounding hills, those on the right being Jewish, and those on the left Mohammedan. These cemeteries are places of common resort, and here and there we saw groups of women robed in white, quietly resting amid the stones. Further on we came on the right to three large monuments. The first was that of Zacharias, who was stoned to death in the days of Joash, perishing between the porch and the altar. Next to this is a cavern, with four Doric columns in front, assigned to the ashes of James the Just. Close by is Absalom's Pillar, a large, square structure, hewn out of the solid rock, rising to the height of about fifty feet, and terminating in a cone at the top. Every passer by, whether Jew, Moslem, or Christian, deems it a sacred duty to fling a stone in execration of the memory of the son who so foully betrayed his father; and these stones lie thick about the base of the monument. A thousand feet farther up is a bridge across the Kidron, a solid stone structure, that has done duty for many centuries. About this part of the valley are scattered a few olive trees, and under them were gathered little groups of women and children, whose songs and laughter came pleasantly to the ear. The brook itself was invisible, though, it is said, its waters can be heard gurgling down below the surface.

Two roads branch off from the end of the bridge, one running to the south, along the lowest terrace of the Mount of Olives, and around its southern end; the other leading directly to the summit. A little to the left is the so-called Tomb of the Virgin, a small underground chapel, whose genuineness is as doubtful as its attractions are meagre. In the angle between the roads is a small garden, surrounded by a high stone wall, and here it is that tradition locates the Garden of Gethsemane.

Entering by a low, narrow door, we found ourselves in a small area, neatly cultivated as a flower-garden, whose gay colours contrast strangely with the sombre thoughts with which one enters. A gravelled walk follows the circuit of the walls, and here and there are pictures in relief, representing the different

stations of the cross. But what chiefly attracts the attention are seven or eight ancient olive trees of great size. They are gnarled, twisted, and hollow with age, and are similar in appearance to that in the engraving. The olive-tree, it is well known, is long-lived, and these may possibly be the descendants of the very trees amid which the Saviour bowed and cried out in the anguish of His soul. I took the first opportunity to visit the spot a second time, that alone I might freely meditate on the strange,



OLIVE TREE—GATHERING FRUIT.

sad scenes that took place on the night of His betrayal. How terrible the agony, whose only fitting expression was in groans that startled the midnight air, and in pores that silently wept blood! Here Heaven bowed itself in sympathy, and comfort came, swift-winged, in angel form, and ministered to Him. Strengthened He rose to meet the powers of darkness. Down yonder slope they came—jealousy, cruelty, and avarice leagued together, with their lights trailing, serpent-like, down the narrow path.

Gathering a few sprigs of olive, and receiving some flowers from the old monk, the gardener, we set out once more to climb

the hill. It rises to a height of 400 feet above the valley, being about 100 feet higher than Mount Zion, and its summit is half a mile in horizontal distance from St. Stephen's Gate. The road by which we climbed is steep, and is so covered with loose stones as to give our ponies quite a tough scramble before they reached the top. It is, doubtless, the same path by which the unhappy King David fled from the dastard treachery and cruelty of his son Absalom; and, by this path also, often went the Saviour between the Temple and the quiet home at Bethany. On the top stands the little Church of the Ascension. Its location is a mistake; for the spot whence Christ went to heaven lies farther to the east. Nevertheless it is a chosen spot to rest and meditate, and enjoy the wide-spread view.

Climbing a ricketty old minaret close by, we spent some time gazing with delight on every side. The air was balmy and clear, and nature was in all the beauty and joyance of spring. Far-off to the north rose Mizpah, whose watch-tower looked down upon all the surrounding land. Close by were Gibeon and Ajalon, and nearer still were Gibeah of Saul, and Anathoth, birth-place of Jeremiah. To the east lies a desolate tract of rounded hills, bounded in the distance by the blue heights of Moab. Close at hand is Bethany, and the valley below it full of olive orchards. Some miles farther away is the deep valley of the Jordan, while to the south-east, gleam through openings in the hills, the waters of the Dead Sea. Southward can be seen the white buildings of Bethlehem crowning the hill-top, and on another, "the Frank Mountain," is visible the tomb of Herod the Great. Looking down the slope to the west, with its scattered olive-trees, and across the narrow valley of the Kidron, we behold the city of the Great King—"the joy of the whole earth." At this distance it is exceedingly fair to look upon, and when its palaces and temple stood in their untarnished glory, the boastings of the people were not to be wondered at. It stood then as if let down from heaven, a type of that glorious city "whose builder and maker is God." More than once I climbed the slope of Olivet, that I might enjoy that scene, and meditate upon her proud, sad story of exaltation and decay:—

"Lost Salem of the Jews, great sepulchre"
Of all profane and of all holy things,
Where Jew, and Turk, and Gentile yet concur

To make thee what thou art ! thy history brings
Thoughts mixed of joy and woe. The whole earth rings
With the sad truth which He has prophesied,
Who would have sheltered with His holy wings
Thee and thy children."

After a short visit to the Paternoster Church, a small building recently erected by a French countess to the glory of the Lord's Prayer, and having inscribed upon the walls of the corridor versions of that prayer in many languages, we descended the eastern slope of the hill. We very soon came to Bethany, a miserable, ruinous little hamlet. The view among the olive-



BETHLEHEM.

groves in the valley is pleasant enough, but the village itself is filthy and repulsive. Its chief interest, of course, is that here the Saviour delighted to come for rest after His labours in the city, and that it was here He spoke the memorable words, "I am the resurrection and the life." We were taken into what purports to be the tomb of Lazarus. Lighting our tapers, we went down by twenty-five steps, into a small rock chamber, which we judge to have been just as likely a cistern as a tomb. The houses of Mary and Martha, and of Simon the Leper, were a palpable imposition, and so we did not enter them. We returned by the road running round the southern end of the hill, the track by which, in all likelihood, Christ was brought in

triumph to the city, surrounded by multitudes, crying, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Another interesting trip which we made was to Bethlehem. We first crossed the Valley of Gihon and the Plain of Rephaim, where David attacked the Philistines when he heard "the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." In about an hour we passed, on our left, the convent of Elias. A large stone by the roadside was pointed out as the place where, legend says, the prophet rested in his flight from the rage of Jezebel. In a few minutes we came to a small, square stone building, surmounted by a dome, in the usual form of the Mohammedan *wely*, or mausoleum. It is the tomb of Rachel. From the time that Jacob set a pillar upon her grave, until the present, there has been no doubt as to the identity of the place. There are few who have not a softening of the heart as they look in upon the tomb, and recall the tale of old-world love and sorrow.

Turning off from the main road, we came in about an hour to the famous Pools of Solomon, hidden among the hills. I was astonished at their great size. There are three of them, placed like three great terraces on the slope of a valley. The upper one is 380 feet long by 230 broad; the middle one is 433 feet long by 230 broad; and the lowest is 582 feet long by 175 broad, and has a depth of 50 feet. The water comes from springs in the side of the hill, and was formerly carried by a small aqueduct to Jerusalem, where it supplied the Temple with all that was needed in the religious ceremonies. It was, doubtless, around these pools, and in the valleys below, that Solomon planted vineyards, and gardens, and orchards of all kinds of fruit, and made a terrestrial paradise, only to find that over everything, however good and beautiful, the mere worldling may well write, "vanity of vanities." The region around is now bare and desolate.

Following the sinuosities of the aqueduct in its course among the hills, we at length came in sight of Bethlehem. It shows to great advantage, with its square stone buildings massed together on the crest of a ridge of limestone, rising high above the surrounding plains and valleys. We made our way at once to the square in front of the large convent, and there dismounting and entering into the Latin quarter, were shown into the refectory for luncheon. The adjacent church is in possession of

three religious bodies, the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, and so fierce is their jealousy toward one another, that a Turkish guard has to be kept constantly on duty, inside the building, to preserve the peace. There could not be a more bitter satire on the angelic anthem of "Peace on earth," than the attitude of these so-called Christian bodies toward one another. The church itself is rather a fine building, in length about 120 feet, with lofty central nave, and four side aisles, formed by rows of stone Corinthian columns, taken, according to tradition, from the porches of the Temple. The walls are stripped of their former splendour, and for want of repairs, the building is beginning to show the wear of age. Descending by a flight of stairs under the grand altar, we found ourselves in a small chamber or grotto. At its eastern end is a small open cavern, or closet, with a marble slab in the floor, in the centre of which is a silver star, around which are the words, "*Hic de Virgine Maria, Jesus Christus natus est.*" The walls are hung with silk, embroidered with gold, and from the ceiling are pendent silver lamps, whose mild radiance ever illumines the spot. Here as in other places, one sees the most abject forms of shrine-worship. Into the question of the genuineness of the location, I am not disposed to enter; suffice it, that from the days of Justin, the martyr, in the early part of the second century, tradition has pointed out the grotto as being the spot where God became manifest in the flesh.

From the place of the manger, we were conducted to other points of interest. Among them was the tomb of the Innocents, where, so the legend says, twenty thousand babes, victims of Herod's jealousy, were buried. The spot, however, that most interested me, was the grotto where Jerome, the great Church father, spent his closing years, and where he translated the word of God into Latin. It is a cell twenty feet in length by nine in width, having a stone seat extending around its walls. Here, tired of the vanities of the world, he spent many years in toil and asceticism, cheered by the society of his faithful Italian Paula and Eustochia, and revered by pilgrims from far-off lands. The shrine of the two noble Roman ladies is found not far away. After leaving the church, we spent a short time in looking through the town, and in purchasing trifling mementoes of our visit. The inhabitants are Christian, and are a fine, healthy-looking lot of people. Outside of the town we were shown

what purports to be David's well, and a woman let down her jar from her shoulder to give us a taste of its water. Our day's jaunt had been a delightful one, and it was a merry party that



JERUSALEM—FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

cantered back across the plain of Rephaim. If there is any poetry in a man's nature, it is sure to be stirred up in such a

visit. Memories of old come flooding in—of Ruth, faithful to her troth, and winning all hearts; of David, stripling, warrior, and king; of shepherds in the plains below, conversing with angel visitants; of the babe Immanuel, for whom there was no room in the inn.

It was with no ordinary feeling that I bade farewell to the gray old city. I had become familiar with its various scenes, and had walked with reverent step over its hallowed sites. Its hills, and valleys, and foundation stones, and tombs, and temple area, had all been pondered over, and impressions made, which will last as long as memory endures.

There was a busy scene in the little square in front of our hotel, the day we took our departure. Donkeys, mules, horses, and camels were huddled together, while turbaned Arabs hurried to and fro, shouting and gesticulating as only Arabs can. Starting about one o'clock, we made our way down the valley of the Gihon, and through the ravine of Hinnom, until we struck the course of the Kidron. Following its course to the south-east, among rounded limestone hills, bleak and barren, we came toward evening to where the stream finds its way through a narrow, precipitous gorge. We found our tents pitched near its entrance, but without dismounting, we journeyed on a mile farther to visit the convent of Mar Saba. The road winds along the edge of the precipice. The scenery is wild and weird. Far down below flows the little stream, through the shadowy and desolate valley, and above it rise the dark, precipitous rocks, to the height of over 1,000 feet. Its chief characteristics are gloom and austerity; and, perhaps, this is the reason why, in the fifth century, St. Saba, a native of Cappadocia, and a man renowned for sanctity, chose it as a dwelling-place. His first abode, a small cavern in the rock, before his time a lurking-place for wild beasts, is still preserved in its native simplicity. The monks tell with no small degree of pride, the story of his taming the lion that disputed with him the possession of the place. Hither the fame of the saint attracted other anchorites, until, it is said, they numbered 14,000 in their community. Cells were excavated in the rock, projections were thrown out from the face of the cliff, buttresses were built up from the depths below, and on these were erected huts and towers, while around the landward side was thrown up a high and strong stone wall, as a defence

against marauders. At present there are resident in it about sixty Greek monks. They appeared to be rude and uncultivated, in spite of the fine library they possess. Perhaps it is not to be wondered at, when one considers their utter lack of mental stimulus, and the fact that ignorance and uncleanness are held by so many to be tokens of saintliness. Their dress is coarse, and their food plain, no flesh ever entering their mouth. The convent is a wilderness of cells, chapels, tombs, stairs, and narrow winding paths. In one chapel we were shown behind a grate a pile of skulls, and the bones of 14,000 martyrs, slain by Turkish or Persian conquerors. Some of the fraternity, it seems, have been artists, though of a very humble sort. In one picture, I noticed, God is represented as an old man surrounded by angels and patriarchs. On His right are some two-story houses, representing the "many mansions," while St. Peter stands by holding the keys. Below is a large, powerful man, with a huge pair of scales in his hands, weighing the sinners and billeting each with the weight of his sins. Still lower down is a half-naked figure, pitching the unfortunate ones into a furnace. Here the grotesque and the horrible go hand in hand. On our way back to camp, we were again impressed with the weirdness of the rugged crags and precipice; but were not prevented thereby from holding most amusing colloquies with the ready-tongued echo in the farther cliff.

The next morning we mounted early, and in about three hours were standing on the edge of the hill overlooking the wide-spread valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. On our way, we caught sight of a scene truly oriental in its character—the black tents of Kedar, home of the wandering Bedouin. The tents were low and large, and open on one side, so that we could see the forms of the inmates stretched languidly upon the mats. At the door, dark-skinned children, nearly naked, were romping about, after the manner of children all the world over, while all around were scattered flocks of sheep, goats, and camels. Such sights, after a time, became common, but they never lost their charm to our western eyes.

From terrace to terrace we rode into the valley, then through a cane-brake, whose feathery tops rose high above our heads, and then out on the shelving beach, strewn with dry logs and rushes. Dismounting, we gazed for awhile at the scene. The country

around was very barren and desolate. The water of the sea was of a bluish cast, and the strong wind which, very much to our relief, cooled the atmosphere, rolled great waves of surf and foam

THE DEAD SEA.



upon the beach. A mist prevented our seeing far, but so far as the eye could reach, high, rugged cliffs, rising to the height of

from one to two thousand feet, girded the sea on either hand. Off there to the left was the ruined castle of Machærus, where tradition says John the Baptist was beheaded. Among the distant crags to the right, once stood the fortress of Masada, where the desperate and fanatical Jews made their last stand for liberty. Jerusalem had fallen amid blood and fire, every other place of safety had passed out of their hands, and this stronghold, perched on its lofty rock, alone remained. The fatal Roman wall encircled it, and everything was ready for the final assault, when Eleazar, the brave leader of the beleaguered garrison, seeing that resistance was hopeless, proposed to his desperate followers to die by their own hands rather than submit to dishonour. It was grimly acceded to. Claspings their wives and little ones in a last embrace, they swiftly slew them, and then lying down beside their loved ones, they bared their own necks to the ten appointed executioners. Their treasures, gathered in a heap, were burned; and the ten then slew one another, until one solitary survivor stood alone, the last lone representative of the "Lord's host." It was not meet that he should live, and so, stabbing himself to the heart, he left the stronghold to be garrisoned by silence and death.

More fearful by far, however, was that scene, when the cities of the plain were destroyed, with all their surroundings of wealth and prosperity. Their sin was very great, and so the hidden fires burst forth, and the whole plain became as "a burning fiery furnace." The terror of that destruction went through all the East, and even yet it echoes its fearful warning.

Casting aside our clothing, we plunged into the briny deep. Alas for those who let the water roll over their head! Up through the nostrils rise the pungent fumes, bitter and stinging to the throat, so that the plunger comes up gasping for breath. What a sense of safety, however, one has, while rising and falling with the waves, for in this strong brine one cannot sink.

FAITH'S meanest deed more favour bears,
Where hearts and wills are weighed,
Than brightest transports, choicest prayers,
Which bloom their hour and fade.

CANADIAN METHODISM; ITS EPOCHS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

BY THE REV. DR. RYERSON.

Written at the request of the London, Toronto, and Montreal Annual Conferences.

ESSAY XVII.

The Representatives of the Canadian Conference (Revs. W. and E. Ryerson) before the British Conference; their reception; the proceedings against them and the Canadian Conference; their condemnation and the proceedings against them published; their vindication; their return to Canada, and approval of their conduct by the Canadian Conference.

It has been seen that Messrs. W. and E. Ryerson, were appointed by ballot by the Canadian Conference, June, 1840, Representatives to the English Conference, which was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne, August following.

The reception of the representatives of the Canadian Conference was very peculiar. Before ever having been heard, both the Canadian Conference and its Representatives, had been virtually condemned by the British Conference, or rather by the Canadian Section of its Missionary Committee. The Canadian Conference instead of being treated as a co-ordinate Conference of Wesleyan Methodism, of equal standing with any other Conference, were treated as inferiors to even District Meetings of the English Conference—the Canadian Conference was practically condemned as delinquent, and its representatives as ecclesiastical criminals—receiving not the least indication of respect or recognition from the President and leading members of the British Conference.

As to the mode of proceeding in the British Conference on the Canadian question, the Representatives of the Canadian Conference stated as follows, in a letter in reply to the Secretary of the British Conference:

“It is probably known to you, that by notes to the President, and otherwise, we urged the early consideration of the subject of our mission, but that several days elapsed before the appointment of a committee was proposed; that we objected to the reference

of the Canadian Address and resolutions to a committee before they were read and discussed in the Conference, as they were addressed to the *British Conference*, and embodied an appeal from the proceedings of its own Committee; that our objections were over-ruled, with the assurance that we should have an opportunity of stating fully the whole matter to the Conference. It will also appear by the Minutes of your Conference, that the Committee thus appointed on Canadian affairs did not meet until Saturday, the 8th of August—*eleven days* after the commencement of the session, and within *three days of the then anticipated close of it*. It must be in your recollection, that when in Committee we remonstrated against being interrupted at almost every stage of our remarks, stating that we had not in any one instance interrupted Dr. Alder in his four hours' statement, or Mr. Stinson in his statement in support of the statements made by Dr. Alder, we were informed by Dr. Bunting, in reply, that such was your mode of proceeding in Committees—that any statement was liable to be objected to the moment it was made, and explanation demanded at the time, that no credit was due to either of us for not having interrupted Dr. Alder or Mr. Stinson, as we might have done so if we had chosen; that when we came to speak in Conference we could proceed without interruption until we had concluded.

"You are further aware, that the affair was not reported to the Conference until Thursday evening, the 13th instant, and not taken up until the following day [Friday] a few hours before the close of the session; when, out of upwards of three hundred (300) members who had attended the Conference, the greatest number present during the Canadian business was *seventy-two* (a less number than there are members of the Canadian Conference), the other two hundred, or two hundred and fifty having left Conference for their circuits; that *then* we were told, that as so much time had been occupied with the investigation of the subject in Committee, and as there was scarcely a preacher present who was not either a member of the Committee, or had not witnessed its proceedings, the further discussion of the subject was inadmissible as well as unnecessary; and that our remarks must, therefore, be confined to the expression of our views respecting the Report of the Committee."

From the previous pages the *decision of the English Conference*

may be anticipated ; but it may be advisable to give the resolutions themselves adopted by the Committee, recommended to, and adopted by the seventy-two, out of some 400 members of the Conference, a few hours before the close of the Conference :

" I. That the three resolutions, or matters, contained in the resolutions of the Committee on Canadian affairs, at their meeting on the 29th of April last and forwarded by that Committee to the Upper Canada Conference *are regarded as fully proved* ; and that after seriously considering the explanations and defence of the Rev. Egerton Ryerson and the Rev. William Ryerson, the representatives of the Upper Canada Conference, on these points, and giving them the full weight to which they might be deemed to be entitled, the Committee are decidedly of opinion, that the representatives of the Upper Canada Conference have entirely failed to establish a justification, inasmuch as it appears that, notwithstanding all that they have stated and explained, there existed : 1. A superseding of the Rev. Joseph Stinson as President, by communicating with the Governor-General, separately and without his knowledge, and by acting without him, and without the Committee of the Upper Canada Conference, of which Committee Mr. Stinson was a member, and Chairman *ex officio* on matters affecting the permanency of the Government Grant to the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

" 2. A violation of the obligations arising from the Union, in not opposing but rather countenancing the payment of our grant in a certain contingency, not to us but to the Upper Canada Conference, for other reasons and different purposes.

" 3. The decided and prominent political character of the *Christian Guardian*, in violation of the pledges given to us and to the Upper Canada Conference, from 1833 to 1839.*

" II. That after the most careful examination of the complicated and difficult subjects which have engaged the attention of the Committee appointed by the British Conference of 1839 to decide finally all matters relating to the Union between the British and the Upper Canada Conference, and to our Indian Missions in Upper Canada ; and after having, in the course of a very protracted discussion had abundant proof of the wisdom,

* Note by E. Ryerson, 1880.—No such pledges were ever given as thus stated ; and no fault was found with the *Guardian* from 1833 to 1839, shown previously.

care, and kindness which the aforesaid Committee have manifested in relation to the affairs of Upper Canada we are unanimously of opinion, that the members of the Committee in Upper Canada affairs, particularly in the resolutions adopted at their meeting in London, on Wednesday, April 29, 1840, and transmitted to the Upper Canada Conference, have strictly adhered to those great principles which have always guided the Wesleyan body, and that they are, therefore, entitled to the thanks of this Conference for the important services which they have rendered to the common cause of Wesleyan Methodism.

"III. After a close consideration of the resolutions of the Upper Canada Conference of 1840, it was resolved :

"1. That this Committee is most happy to perceive that one of the resolutions, which determines that the *Christian Guardian* shall cease to be a political paper, and shall be confined to purely religious and literary subjects and articles of religious intelligence, is to that extent satisfactory ; but that the unqualified reservation of the 'Clergy Reserve question'—a reservation already so construed and abused as to be pleaded in almost unlimited discussion of great and general principles of ecclesiastical polity, held sacred by this body ; and the absence of adequate security for a more faithful observance of this resolution than has been maintained with respect to similar pledges given from 1833 to 1839, in connection with the fact that a direct negative was simultaneously given to another series of resolutions, which would have been more explicit and satisfactory on the several subjects referred to, are circumstances which the Committee deeply regret, and cannot but regard with distrust and disapprobation.

"2. That on the other important topics embraced in the resolutions of our Committee on Upper Canada affairs, dated April 29, 1840, the resolutions of the last Upper Canada Conference appear rather to imply an acquiescence in the evils complained of, and an official adoption of them, than a cordial determination to prevent their future recurrence by substantial and efficient measures, and seem to evince that there is a decided difference between the two Conferences on the construction of the articles of union, in reference to fundamental principles essential to the working of the union, and which the Committee are of opinion that the British Conference cannot abandon,

without compromising its own consistency and public reputation; inasmuch as it cannot safely be identified in views and responsibility with any body, however respected, over whose public proceedings it is denied the right and power of exerting any efficient influences, so as to secure a reasonable and necessary co-ordinate but efficient direction, during the continuance of the union.

"IV. That in the judgment of this Committee, nothing has occurred, in the whole course of these investigations, to shake the confidence of the Conference in the Rev. Joseph Stinson and the Rev. Matthew Richey; and that the members of the Committee cannot but express their hearty esteem and approbation of the ability, fidelity and diligence with which these respected brethren have performed the duties officially confided to them.

"V. That notwithstanding the ground of grievance and complaint on which the Committee have felt it their duty to express so strong an opinion, they are aware of the desirableness of maintaining the existing union between the two bodies for reasons which relate to the general interests of our common Christianity *and to the continued connection of the Province with the Mother Country.** Yet, in their judgment, that union can be advantageously maintained only by the strict and undeviating adherence of our Upper Canadian brethren to the following principles and regulations:

"1. That the continuation of the Government Grant to the Wesleyan Missionary Society be cordially assented to, and

* *Note by E. Ryerson, 1880.*—The insinuation implied in the words printed in italics was as offensive as it was unjust. There never was a more loyal body to the Constitution of Upper Canada and its connection with the Mother Country, than the Conference and members of the Methodist Church in Canada, as shown in the war of the United States against Great Britain in 1812-1815, and in the W. L. MacKenzie Rebellion in 1837, during both of which tests of loyalty not a minister or member of the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Upper Canada was found wanting in loyalty to their Sovereign and country—men who knew what loyalty was in the successive wars, and hundreds of whose fathers, brothers, and relatives had fallen or bled on the battle-field. Even one of the Canadian representatives had fought in two battles in the war of 1812-1815, together with two elder brothers in several battles, and a father in seven battles in two wars. For such men, and a whole community, to be impeached in their loyal character by a Committee in London, not one of whom had ever smelt powder on the field of battle, and knew nothing of the stuff of

supported by our Upper Canada brethren, even if the payment should be ultimately transferred, as proposed by the Clergy Reserve Bill, lately passed by the Imperial Parliament, from the Casual and Territorial Revenue on which it is placed, to the Clergy Reserve Fund, in that Province; and that, as it appears that the payment of the grant has actually been again suspended, and it is at present withheld, to the great inconvenience and embarrassment of our Missions in Upper Canada, the Rev. Egerton Ryerson shall address a letter to Lord John Russell, disclaiming any intention or wish to deprive the Wesleyan Missionary Society of the grant of £700 per annum, secured to that Society as a fixed charge for Missionary purposes in Upper Canada, requesting that its regular payment may be continued; and assuring his Lordship that any other construction which may have been put upon his letter to the Governor-General, was founded in a misapprehension of his meaning.*

"2. That the *Christian Guardian*, or whatever newspaper or periodical may, in future, be recognized as the official organ of the Upper Canada Conference shall entirely abstain from all party political reasonings and discussions confining its expression of opinions to religious and literary topics.

"3. That such official organ admit and maintain all the acknowledged principles of the Wesleyan Methodist Connexion; and that in seeking for a proper understanding on this point, the Committee have special reference to that principle of our body which asserts it to be the duty of civil governments to employ their influence and a portion of their resources, for the support of the Christian religion."

"The report above inserted, was presented to the Conference [a few hours before its close, when more than four-fifths of its members had left for their circuits] and read in the hearing of the Rev. Egerton and Rev. William Ryerson, representatives of

which true loyalty is made except to prate about it on occasions for partizan purposes, was unlike offensive and unjust.

After the lapse of two score years, and approaching myself my four score years, I can scarcely think of these imputations from such sources and for such purposes without a thrill of indignation pervading my whole being, or write about them in terms of moderation.

* The requirement of this resolution was that Mr. Egerton Ryerson, without regard to consistency or character, should advocate what he knew to be wrong and to state what he knew to be false.

the Upper Canada Conference. They desired a copy of it which was accordingly handed to them; and they examined its several parts. When they returned they were again heard at length [but not permitted to go back beyond the year 1839, though the report extended back to 1833], and mutual explanations were made on several points to which they demurred. In the end, they frankly and explicitly declared it as their opinion that the Upper Canada Conference would never be induced to listen to the views which are contained in the aforesaid report, and concerning which such serious misunderstandings have arisen; and that the maintenance of such views on the part of this body, would be regarded by the Canada Conference as a virtual dissolution of the union. Upon hearing this the Conference [one-fifth of its members being present, four-fifths having departed for their homes] was reluctantly led to the conviction, that a continuation of the more intimate connection, established by the articles of 1833 is quite impracticable. The Conference could not overlook the fact, that the pacific resolutions, which had already been proffered to the Upper Canada Conference of 1840, by some members, were negatived by a large majority; and that from the statements of the Rev. Egerton and Rev. William Ryerson, just made, the same disposition evidently remains, and clearly precludes a further perpetuation of the union." (Extract from the "*Proceedings and Decision of the Conference on matters relating to the union between the British Conference and the Upper Canada Conference, and to our Missions in Upper Canada,*" Newcastle-on-Tyne, August, 1840, printed by the authority of the Conference, pp. 75-79.

LIFE.

LIFE is not living
Just for to-day;
Life is not dreaming
All the short way.

'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping your brothers
And trusting in God.

NATHANIEL PIDGEON, HIS DIARY.

A STORY OF EARLY METHODISM.

XI.

APRIL 19. EASTER DAY.—'Tis sad that now the fine weather hath come, dear Hetty cannot get out of doors to taste it. It hath been a day of sunshine and of peace, but our poor sufferer hath been compelled to keep her chamber. Besides the cough, her strength fast fails her, and she hath cold sweats. Thanks be unto Thee, O Lord, her heart is fixed, her soul is stayed on Thee. Patty hath not left her all day, and, doubtless, it being a work both of necessity and mercy, has derived as much profit from their communion in the sick chamber as though she had assembled herself with the public congregation. She hath been reading to her sister of the resurrection in the Gospels. Such love as women bear to the blessed Jesus is seldom found, methinks, in the colder hearts of men.

Sat. June 20.—I am again to have the privilege of journeying with Mr. Wesley. My master's brother at St. Ives having persuaded him to engage in the pilchard-curing (I pray he have not too many irons in the fire), I am to proceed thither on business of the coming season, and Mr. Wesley, journeying at this time down to Cornwall, hath given permission for me to ride with him.

Mon. 29. PERRANWELL.—Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. At Plymouth Dock, on Friday, a great crowd had assembled, bent on mischief, but Mr. Wesley lighting from his horse, and speaking with the fiercest of them, suddenly there was, for a time, a great calm, but when he had gotten inside the house, they bombarded it with their bricks and stones until their strength failed them. Through all God watched over us. Not a hair of our heads was hurt. Next day when Mr. Wesley had gone out to preach in the street, came an officer with soldiers and drums, a fierce mob following, their ringleader towering over them by the head and shoulders like Saul. But Mr. Wesley having taken him by the hand, he swore he would knock down any one that molested us, and opened a way for us to our lodgings, the crowd opening before him like the sea before a ship.

Thurs. July 2.—The election is ended, and the day hath passed

without riot. 'Tis said that through the election no Methodist hath taken a bribe. Nay, none hath entered the houses thrown open with abundance of free meat and drink to win men's votes.

Sun. 12. PENZANCE.—Methinks Mr. Wesley must have lungs of leather and a frame of brass. This morning he preached at five at St. Just; at noon, to a great multitude at Morvah, which, 'tis said, signifieth 'the place by the sea,' though in this part of England 'twould be hard to find a place far from it. After prayers, Mr. Wesley preached under the churchyard wall. And after that at Newlyn by Penzance, where thousands had gathered themselves together. For a time there was confusion, drunken men who had come over from Penzance rushing and hustling in the throng, so that some were thrown down, and Mr. Wesley hurried from the sandbank on which he stood, into the midst of them which crowded together on the slope. But this aroused the wrath of a Newlyn man, who, though before much set against the Methodists, swore that none, at peril of his life, should molest the preacher; and after that, there was peace. Thus doth God raise up champions from among our enemies.

Tues. 21.—When I left home, dear Hetty for a time had somewhat rallied, and though I could not but fear that the hope was fond, nevertheless I flattered myself with the thought that, peradventure, the Lord might yet spare her to us. But on my return home I found the dear child worse than I have before seen her. The excessive heat of the last few days hath so prostrated her that her languid life hath become a burden unto her. She hath but one desire, to depart and be with Christ. Although that be far better for the dear child, 'twill be with a heart full of sad foreboding I shall again journey into Cornwall next month. 'Tis hard to give up our children even to the Almighty, and to find that they have begun to sit loose to earthly love. Methinks that 'tis to Patty alone her heart now clings, although she ever strives to treat her mother and myself with affection and respect, and to express her gratitude to Joan and Frances for the thoughtfulness with which the children strive to humour what they believe to be her likings (though of these she hath now but few); and she hath ever a smile, which, though loving, is very mournful to behold, for the little Susan and Jacky. 'Tis strange to see how Jacky, who in her health treated his eldest sister lovingly indeed, but with no great deference, now looks upon her with a kind of

awe. The little Susan steals about the room as silent as a shadow or a sunbeam, and in her wish to show her love, but anxiety to give no trouble, kisses her sister's shawl behind her back.

Thurs. 23.—Lady D——, who is again tarrying with her friend, drove to the house to-day, bringing with her a basket of apricots for Hetty. The poor child was cheered by the visit of her mistress, but cared not for the fruit. 'Tis so little she eats with relish, we had hoped that it might tempt her. But she seemed to take more pleasure in a sheaf of white lilies the children brought her from the garden, and prayed that the apricots might be shared among them.

Tue. Aug. 4. ST. IVES.—During my former visit to the town there was much talk of the fish, but now there is scarce aught else in the minds and mouths of men, women, or children. Watchers are posted on the hills with boughs to wave signal to the boats in waiting, of the coming of the shoals. Schools they call them. 'Tis said they turn the water red.

Sat. 8.—This morning, before breakfast, the news ran through the town that the pilchards had come, and all the inhabitants poured out, like swarming bees from their hive, to behold and rejoice.

Mon. 17.—There have been great catches, and nigh every one on shore is busy in the salting. Methinks my master must be satisfied with the reports I take him home next week, if things so continue. One net hath broke, which gave me occasion to speak last night on the miraculous Draught of Fishes. Methinks, if preachers more frequently made it their business to study the callings with particulars of which they illustrate their discourses, they would make their sermons more acceptable to them that be conversant with the same, who now noting and deriding their ignorance of worldly matters, are too apt to hold their spiritual teachings likewise in contempt.

Wed. 19.—The Mayor having honoured me by bidding me with Mr. Saunders, in spite of my Methodism, which I trust I have taken no pains to cloak, I have dined to-day with the Corporation. Poor Sarah would be proud, and think that at length I stood on the road to advancement; but though I would not speak with disrespect of my host, who treated me with great hospitality, disregarding the lowliness of my condition, I feel that it would not be for the good of my soul to share oft in such festivities.

Fri. 21. PENZANCE.—Having, although so near, not visited the Land's End, and not knowing, so uncertain is our life, whether I should again be permitted to visit this country, I yesterday set forth thither. On my way I turned aside to visit the Logan Stone, which, during my short stay at St. Buryan's, I had not opportunity to examine.

'Tis ninety tons or more in weight, and yet a child may rock it. Dr. Borlase, who hates the Methodists, but hath the repute of being a man of great learning in the antiquities of his country, is of opinion, I am told, that these Logan Stones (for there are more than one) were idols of the Druids, which those artful priests used by way of ordeal; affirming that though a touch of the innocent would move them, no force on the part of the guilty could make them budge an inch; and so ordering matters as to lock their motion when any approached to touch on whom they would fix the charge of guilt.

At the Land's End, my companion being a pious man, I fell upon my knees, and bowing my head upon a rock, I prayed earnestly that I might indeed be made pure in heart. Never before had I so felt that without purity none could see God. 'Twas as though I had been brought face to face with eternity. To right, to left, in front, a boundless sea, breaking in awful thunder on the granite crags. To-morrow I shall set out on the first stage of my journey in good earnest towards my home. I shall rest on the Sabbath at a pious friend's; but I would that I had so ordered matters that it had not delayed me on the road, but on the other hand that I might have spent it with my family. O Lord, watch over them, and grant, if it be according to Thy will, that I may again behold my beloved Hester in the flesh.

Fri. 28.—The heat being still great, I found our poor Hester as I left her, save with, perhaps, even less strength than she had (and that, indeed, was little), to enable her to bear her load. 'Tis very hard to watch the sufferings of those we love, and know that we can do nothing to lighten them. But nay, we can pray, and the Lord, who giveth exceeding abundantly more than we can ask or think, in His own way answers prayer. In the depth of her bodily weakness, the dear child's faith hath never failed, but grown stronger as the poor flesh hath grown more feeble. The Lord's will be done. When I note her pain, and know her longings to depart, and how well prepared she is for the great change,

I could almost pray for her release. But dear Patty cannot give her up. Methinks the loss of her sister will break the poor child's heart. O Lord, give us all grace and strength to submit to thy will in all things. 'Tis oftentimes easier to strive to do it than endure it.

Fearing that if I loitered, I might not see my dear child alive, I rode fast on my return; but that even so I might not wholly neglect my Heavenly Father's business, I distributed on my way little tracts, with which I had nigh stuffed my saddle bags. Some I scattered to be carried by the winds, like the thistledown that was floating abundantly about me, but freighted with more precious seed. When last with him, Mr. Wesley told me that on the National Fast Day in December, two years ago, 'An Earnest Exhortation to Serious Repentance' was given to every person who came out of church in or near London, a copy being left at his door for every householder who had not attended church; and that he believes that on that day the Lord turned away His wrath from us. 'Twas the day on which the Duke's army escaped from the rebels' ambuscade on Clifton Moor. Their bullets came like hail from the hedges and walls behind which they lay, but scarce a dozen of our men were hit.

Sun. 30.—When I left for Cornwall, our Society was again at peace, refreshing to my spirit as to a mariner a calm harbour after having been storm-tost on the ocean. But during my absence, a young man, W. J., hath joined us, who is likely to breed strife once more. Although he lived in Bath, he must needs come out to us instead of continuing to unite himself with the brethren in the city. I shall make inquiry, and doubtless shall find that he hath sufficient reason, though not to his credit. He thinks that he hath a fine voice (but in this he deceives himself), bringing in among us, instead of sober melodies, outlandish airs (which, sure, must be of his own composing), and indulging in most fantastic flourishes. Verily Mr. Wesley would have good cause for his saying that he never relished a tune at first hearing, if he heard W. J.'s. But had I not had it from his own lips, I had not thought Mr. Wesley so fickle as he affirms himself to be concerning tunes and other matters. He says that never tune at first hearing, poem at first reading, face or picture at first sight, yet pleased him: and that when they have grown pleasant

through use, then straightway their favour in his eyes begins to fade.

Mon. 31.—'Tis strange that one with such a gift of prayer as Brother Saunders hath beyond dispute, should so oft by worldliness be led into crooked ways. Who can touch pitch and not be defiled? Alas! sometimes I have been carried up, as it were, into heaven, while listening to his prayers, and then the thought of what I have that day heard from him in the counting-house, or overheard in the shop, hath suddenly brought me down to earth like a dropped stone or a bird shot in the midst of its rejoicing. This greed of gain at any cost is growing on him, to the great grief, as is manifest, of his good wife. O Lord, open thou his eyes before it be too late. But this I will say for him that he never openly visits his displeasure on them whom he hath sounded and found disinclined to bend to his purpose; nay, is constrained, as it were, to show them more honour than to those who have taken his hints at dishonest behaviour. Thanks be unto the Lord, a good work is going on both in the shop and in the yard. Ten of the young men and youths meet daily to pray and search the Scriptures, diligently examining one the other therein. They deny themselves that they may give to the poor, and stir one another up to all manner of good works. And these of all are the most industrious to their worldly callings. Young Joyce is of them. His poor father is again walking as becometh a Christian. The man at the Blue Boar hath much to answer for in tempting him back to the sin which doth most easily beset him. Fitly might he be called the Man of Sin. The blood of how many a soul will the Lord require at his hand.

Sun., Sept. 6.—This hath been a sad, clouded day for my poor Patty; but, thank God, at evening time there was light. Dear Hetty hath long urged her to communicate, but she hath shrunk from so doing through a sense of unworthiness. I verily believe that the dear girl is a true child of God, but not being able to name the very hour in which the Lord spake peace to her soul, she shrunk from approaching His table through dread of bringing condemnation on herself for unworthiness.

Accordingly, giving heed to my words, but still with much misgiving, poor Patty went this morning to the communion table; but when the cup was given her, her hand shaking in her agitation, and it being filled too high, a little of the wine was

spilt. Thereupon, Satan hissed into her ear that for her Christ's blood was shed in vain, and for hours she hath been in a horror of great darkness. But I thank the Lord, He hath heard our prayers, and she hath gone to her bed in peace. The coverlet was wet with her bitter tears.

Thur. 10.—This day, at noon, Mr. Wesley preached at Bath. Mr. Saunders could not find time to go, and gave me charge of his wife. Not only the ten who make an open profession of religion, but most of the other servants gave up their dinner hour to hear the sermon. Before starting for Bearfield, Mr. W. rode over to visit my Hetty. I found her much comforted by his words; and dear Patty likewise. He is never more like Christ than in his manner to young women. 'Tis no wonder they love him.

Sat. 19.—The crispness of the air, without cold, hath given dear Hetty some relief from the excess of her langour. But 'tis plain now that she cannot much longer tarry with us. She knows it. 'Tis poor Patty now that is troubled. As she works by her sister's bed, she looks up from her stitching, and when she notes her sister's quiet face, or with a smile on it for her, the tears are ever coming to her eyes; and when Hetty falls asleep, the poor child softly, yet swiftly, slips from the room to vent her grief in private. Even the middle-aged, nay, those with one foot in the grave, find it hard to bring death home to themselves. No wonder to the young, their own death, or the death of any they love, is a thing nigh incomprehensible. Joan and Frances, wondering, asked me why their sister wept; and when I told them they burst into as passionate a flood of tears. Although Hetty hath been daily sinking before their eyes, 'twas the first time that they had thought that she could die.

Mon. 30.—This morning, shortly after sunrise, our beloved Hester entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord. Fain would I say so with my whole heart, but, O my Father, the blow is hard to bear.

Sat. Dec. 5.—To-day we committed the mortal remains of our dear one to the dust. In spite of the rain and melting snow, there was a great gathering in the churchyard. The neighbours have been exceedingly kind. Mr. Saunders came over to follow my dear child to the grave, and hath defrayed all the expenses of the funeral and the mourning. Good Mistress Saunders sat with my

dear wife and girls, whilst I and little Jacky were away. Although the little lad sobbed as though his heart would break, nevertheless, he took pride in his long band and black cloak, and in walking with me as chief mourner next after the coffin; and the little Susan looked at him through her tears as if proud that he should so play the man.

For the first time since I have been here, the Vicar showed a friendly disposition. He read the service with a gravity most unlike his usual gabble, and lingered afterward by the grave to say a word of kindness to me. 'Twas in his rough way, but, nevertheless, being manifestly sincere, 'twas a comfort unto me.

Thur. 10.—My mind being somewhat more composed, I will now write down the particulars of our beloved Hetty's triumphant death. 'Twas her dear mother's turn to sit up with her; but Patty, although nigh worn out by her day's toil and nursing, would fain have taken her place. At her sister's wish she undressed and went to her bed, but not being able to sleep, after midnight she arose, and putting a shawl about her, seated herself beside her sister's. Hetty appeared glad to see her back, and from time to time, at a sign from her sister, Patty knelt down beside the bed and prayed aloud, to the great comfort of Hetty, but the astonishment of their dear mother. More than once both Patty and my wife, thinking that the end drew nigh, would have called us, but Hetty shook her head and would not have us disturbed.

But when the house had begun to stir, Patty came hastily to summon us, and we hurried to the chamber. For a time our dear one took no notice of us. The last sands of her life seemed to be fast running out.

But shortly after the sun came up, her eyes opened, and noting the growing light, she motioned for the window-curtain to be drawn aside. 'Twas a morning strangely bright and calm for the end of November. The sunbeams made the long-wicked candles look dimmer than before, but lighted up our dear one's wasted face. But brighter than their light was the smile upon it. Our dear girl beckoned to us to come and say good-bye, and beginning at the youngest, we all went to receive her farewell kiss. To all she tried to say something, but at times her breath failed her. To her mother she said, "Dear mamma, seek Christ that we may meet again." Her parting with poor Patty was exceedingly touching.

When she had bidden us all good-bye, she looked up, like Stephen, steadfastly towards heaven; its glory seemed to be reflected in her face; and murmuring, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," she fell asleep.

The other children, although quietly, have begun to go about their occupations as before; but to Patty the death of her sister is a blow from which I greatly fear the dear child may never recover. O God, my Father, spare her to us! Though so many be left, the house is dreary—lonely.

THE END.

BEYOND.

NEVER a word is said
 But it trembles in the air,
 And the truant voice has sped
 To vibrate everywhere;
 And, perhaps, far off in eternal years
 The echo may ring upon our ears.

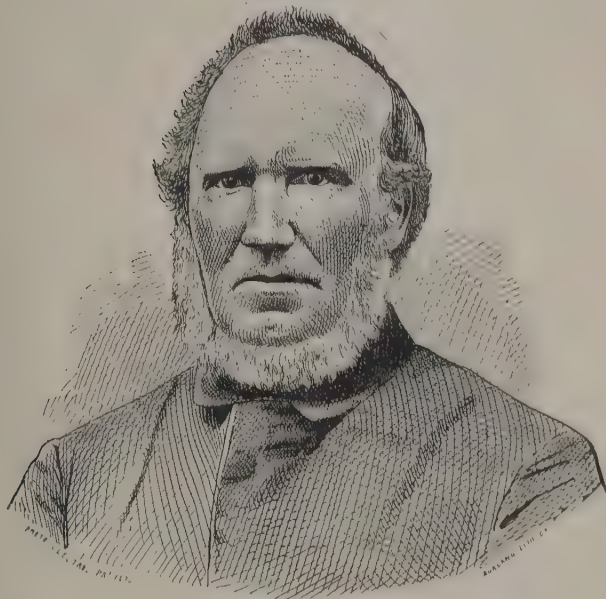
Never are kind acts done
 To wipe the weeping eyes,
 But like flashes of the sun
 They signal to the skies;
 And up above the angels read
 How we have helped the sorer need.

Never a day is given
 But it tones the after years,
 And it carries up to heaven
 Its sunshine or its tears!
 While the to-morrows stand and wait,
 The silent mutes by the outer gate.

There is no end to the sky,
 And the stars are everywhere,
 And time is eternity,
 And the here is over there.
 For the common deeds of the common day
 Are ringing bells in the far-away.

“UNCLE JOE LITTLE.”

BY THE REV. J. WHITING.



“UNCLE JOE LITTLE.”

ON the twenty-fifth of November of last year, a day of bitter cold and drifting snow, the people, for miles and miles around, gathered in the village of Watford, in the county of Lambton, at an early hour, to attend a funeral extraordinary in its kind. Ministers of several denominations from far and near were there, to pay their tribute of love to the memory of a fellow-labourer grandly unique in his character. Scores and hundreds of persons of all classes were to be seen—despite the sweeping wind—moving towards the Methodist Church within whose enclosure, awaiting the final interment, were the remains of one whose unbounded benevolence, untiring zeal, and Christian labours, had won the admiration of the people of Lambton and of regions far beyond.

Nearly ten months before had the remains of the departed veteran been placed in a lonely grave on the bleak coast of Anticosti, where he had fallen at his post; and there, isolated and ice-bound, through successive winters, would he have rested, till the morning of the great awakening, had not the loving hearts of his old friends determined that a resting-place, marked by a suitable monument, should be given him in their own midst, in the "Old Warwick" cemetery.

The difficult task of exhuming the body, and sending it securely encased in zinc, to Watford for re-interment, was satisfactorily performed by the Rev. Mr. Brick, the indefatigable missionary of Gaspé.

The man whose memory the people were about to honour was Joseph Little, the philanthropist—the evangelist—the missionary pioneer—known and admired by thousands, and lovingly and familiarly styled by them all—"UNCLE JOE."

The funeral procession, on leaving Watford, was more than a mile in length, and was joined by many more on the way to Warwick village, where, in the large drill-shed, warmed and seated for the occasion, a deeply interesting Memorial Service was held. This service partook much of the nature of a fellowship meeting—it was a "Love-feast" held on the "border-land." Aged veterans, compeers of the departed, related thrilling memories of the past. Hard-working ministers felt their enthusiasm enkindled afresh whilst reminding others, and themselves, of the self-denial and heroic devotion of the grand old pioneer; and hundreds, thrilled with personal recollections of the beaming countenance and inspiring words and loving deeds of "Uncle Joe," could scarcely refrain from outbursts of mingled grief and joy.

The day was far advanced when the vast assembly moved in solemn procession to the cemetery. The pastor in charge, assisted by several other ministers, performed the usual burial rites, and when the casket containing the remains of the departed saint were lowered into the grave, many gathered around, and with tender pathos, blended their voices, in his own favourite refrain:—

"Shall we gather at the river."

Such a remarkable demonstration at his death, indicates that

there was something in the life of Joseph Little worthy of more than passing notice. We venture a brief review.

He was born October 28th, 1812, at Coolnahinch, near the snug little town of Kenagh, in the county of Longford, not far from the most central point in Old Ireland. His parents, Thomas and Jane Russell Little, were the occupants of a fertile bit of land in this beautiful part of the "Emerald Isle." But when Joseph was but three years of age, his father was left to care for the family of five motherless children. But with the most tender solicitude did he fulfil his solemn trust. Two, of the family, still survive our "Uncle Joe." William, his eldest brother, who has pursued the even tenor of his way, and, still at the ripe age of seventy-five, lives within sight of the old homestead at Coolnahinch; and his only sister—the devoted wife of the Rev. Wm. Craig, formerly, president of the Irish Primitive Methodist Connexion.

The early days of "Uncle Joe," were spent before the introduction of the educational advantages that Ireland has since received under direction of the National Board. Schools then enjoyed unlimited freedom, devised their own curriculum, maintained an independent discipline, and wore an air of perfect originality. Such was the kind of school which, with a dominie, colloquially styled "Jack Evans," supplied the training of the rising population of Coolnahinch. Mr. Evans was an oddity both in his physical proportions and mental proclivities, but withal a godly man, deeply interested in the religious, as well as the temporal well-being of his youthful charge.

The combined effect of a sainted mother's abiding influence, a father's religious oversight, and a pious teacher's instructions, had, no doubt, much to do in giving the right bent to the youthful mind of Joseph Little. Nor can too much stress be laid upon the force of early companionship—a powerful factor in the formation of character. In this respect, too, he was safely directed. One of his choice friends being the son of the Methodist class-leader through whom he was early brought into contact with the most precious institution of Methodism. But it was not until he had reached his nineteenth year that he fully decided for God. At this time Kenagh was favoured with a visit from the eminent Evangelist, Gideon Ouseley. That grandly apostolic man addressed a large concourse of people in the Town

Hall from the words :—" Many of them said he hath a devil, and is mad, why hear ye him ?" Among the cries of penitents on that eventful day, might have been heard the voice of Joseph Little, and as the people joined the preacher in singing the hymn—

" Lo ! God is here ! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place ! "

it appeared to him, that the whole house was filled with the glory of God, and such a sense of God's pardoning mercy was obtained that he could ever after sing :—

" My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee."

On April 10th, 1833—nearly two years after his conversion—Joseph left his father's home and all the attractions of his native land ; and placing his fortunes under the guidance of a rich Irish gentleman, who had taken up a large tract of land in those wilds of Western Canada, that have since been developed into one of the richest farming districts of Ontario, he landed safely on our shores.

With characteristic energy he plodded his way to the scene of his future enterprise in the " Far West," and entered upon the duties of his stewardship over the " Kingston Estate," with enthusiasm. Eleven years of superintendence of this " estate," have bequeathed to Warwick, and surrounding townships, a heritage of traditions of our " Uncle Joe," which, if chronicled, would form a deeply interesting history in themselves. Of his pushing industry, thorough unselfishness and purity of motives, during these years, no one could doubt. Yet, viewed through the spectacles of worldly wisdom, he was not considered a success in this department. There distinguished him here as ever afterwards, a disposition of such unwonted liberality as overleaped all the bounds of prudence. No empty board was allowed to mock the hungry children of any new settler in those regions if any meal remained in the barrel, or oil in the cruse of " Uncle Joe." It is true that many cautious economists, and a few captious critics have taken exception to the mode and extent of " Uncle Joe's " benevolence ; but when the life of our grand old hero, touching those eleven years, shall be viewed in the light of that day, when

it shall be said—"For I was an hungered and ye gave me meat," worldly wisdom shall yield to the decision of the Master, as in tones of approval He will exclaim :—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Besides his many acts of charity he had already begun those spiritual and evangelical enterprises which afterwards made him so conspicuous. He soon became the centre of a religious circle that continually widened. Not least among the interesting trophies which in those days he was honoured in bringing to Jesus was a companion of his youthful days in the "dear old land," adown whose aged cheeks flowed the tears of affection when relating his experience at the "Memorial Service."

The manner in which his stewardship was brought to a close, though indicative of a lack of success when viewed from a worldly standpoint, was, nevertheless, alike creditable to "Uncle Joe" and the proprietor of the "Estate." The former, unable to make such a show of profits as was desirable, claimed the right to be himself the loser, and refused to take his salary; while the latter, as if largely charged with the same spirit that animated "Uncle Joe," deeded to him two hundred acres of valuable forest land.

Being in no wise elated by this sudden and unexpected rise in worldly estate, and having no ambition to reduce these two hundred acres of forest to arable land; our hero betook himself to the "delightful task" of teaching the "young idea how to shoot." The Warwick school was placed under his charge, and here for some few years he employed the knowledge he had gathered whilst sitting at the feet of the eccentric, but godly teacher of Coolnahinch.

For awhile he found congenial occupation in school life, and proved himself well adapted to the task, but a thirst for Mission work, leading him forth to labour in distant and destitute settlements, he relinquished the teacher's occupation.

During these years he held the position of Recording-Steward, was the right-hand friend of the minister, and had become a local preacher of extraordinary fame and acceptability. In his broad open countenance, his loving soul found beautiful expression which gave him a passport to the confidence of the early settlers of whatever creed or character. No one, whom we ever knew,

could so completely disarm prejudice and bring bigotry to the blush as "Uncle Joe."

Amidst his many efforts to do good we find him at one time agent for the sale of publications of the Religious Tract Society, and once more his faculty of benevolence so far outran his business tact, that no sooner was his first stock of books sold, than his little capital was lent to an unscrupulous applicant who never returned him a cent.

We recognize in the distribution of religious books and tracts, a suitability of employment; but the people of Benjamin were no more surprised to find "Saul among the prophets," than are we to find our "Uncle Joe" among the publicans; though he was often among the "sinners," but always to do them good. Yet it is true that for two full years, he held the office of Collector of the public funds. But, unlike the rapacious tax-gatherers of old, his spirit of generosity, during these two years, found full scope. Pitiful were the tales of poverty that were poured into the ears of this philanthropic Collector, and as quickly as the "debtor of one hundred measures of oil," at the bidding of the steward, "sat down," and wrote "fifty," so quickly did "Uncle Joe sit down and write "paid," against the amounts, charged by the inexorable assessor to those needy settlers. Of course a dark cloud, in the form of a huge deficit, came gradually looming up; but his ingenuity was quite equal to the occasion. Those two hundred acres must be sold, and though they were entailed and entangled by the thoughtful donor, the legal difficulties were set aside—the forest farm was sold—*all demands were met*—and "Uncle Joe," freer and happier than ever, went forth to his loved employment singing:—

" No foot of land do I possess,
No cottage in the wilderness;
A poor wayfaring man,
I lodge awhile in tents below,
Or gladly wander to and fro,
Till I my Canaan gain."

From this time forward he entered every door of usefulness that opened before him as an assistant on circuit work. For many years he held a position peculiarly his own. An unordained but not unattested minister of the Gospel, he carried, with him, credentials satisfactory to thousands, that the "Bishop of Warwick," as he

was often called, was no less a successor of the Apostles, than his great friend, the Bishop of Huron, himself.

He was first led into the service of regular circuit work by the Rev. Lewis Warner, whose sharp eye and quick hand drew other notables besides "Uncle Joe" into the itinerancy. He laboured under the direction of the late Rev. George Goodson, on the Mooretown and Warwick circuits, till the summer of 1871. These circuits, and the Sarnia district throughout, are fragrant with his memory, and replete with stories of his wonderful benevolence. Besides giving freely to the connexional funds, he was ever ready to assist embarrassed churches. Not only did he subscribe for himself, but often for others; or as he would say, "by proxy," for he had become the trusted medium, through whom, a modest but generous coterie bestowed many of their gifts. Often was his own raiment doffed to replace the worn and tattered garbs of the poor and needy, ever relying upon Providence for a fresh supply. Nor was he ever disappointed.

After the Conference of 1871, "Uncle Joe" attended the camp-meetings of Howick and Owen Sound, where he laboured, in his own way, with Doctor and the late Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. His efforts met with the approval of the ministerial brethren, many of whom invited him to their fields of labour. As a result of this, we find him settled under the direction of the Rev. Ephraim Harper, M.A., as an assistant preacher on the Garafraxa mission, where he laboured with great success for nearly two years.

At the memorable Conference of 1873, held in London, when the great scheme of "Union and Division" was agreed upon, "Uncle Joe" entered upon a new era in his evangelical career. The chairman of the Pembroke District, the Rev. Richard Whiting, wanting a man to preach to the lumbermen of the Mattawa, was advised, if possible, to procure "Uncle Joe." On being consulted, he replied "I must ask about it." After earnest prayer he fully decided, and the next day all he wanted was his directions for Pembroke. In consequence of a special exigency on the Westmeath Circuit, he was sent there as co-labourer of the now sainted Howes. Within ten months he preached one hundred and sixty-six times, held four protracted meetings, and made over eight hundred pastoral visits! The next year was spent most successfully as assistant preacher on the Clarendon Circuit.

At the Conference of 1875, he expressed his willingness to go to the remote mission of Anticosti; but he was placed in charge of the Franktown mission. He had now attained the age, at which many men are compelled to superannuate; yet he entered this new field with the gusto of a young man. Here, he appeared pre-eminently at home. Writing to a friend at the beginning of the year, and evidently feeling that there was truth as well as poetry in his quotation, he says, "I am the monarch of all I survey, my right there is none to dispute!"

At the Conference of 1877, he was placed in charge of the Arundel mission, on the Ottawa District. His own description of this mission is too characteristic to omit: "Well, here I am, surrounded by mountains on the top of mountains; the grandest scenery I ever beheld. My mission is thirty miles long. I have not been a week at my boarding-place since I arrived here. It will be all rest by-and-by."

The next year he was found on the Kingston District, in charge of the Arden mission. In riding through the bush he was badly hurt by being thrown from his horse. But, in spite of sprains and bruises, he still laboured on. On March 19th, he writes: "I suffered much during the winter; night after night, never a wink. Sometimes I thought I was going to die; but, by the mercy of God, I kept all my appointments, except one Sabbath. Last Sunday I felt very bad, but in the evening, the blessed Spirit brought the 9th and 10th verses of the 12th chapter of Hebrews, with such power to my mind that I felt happy; I tell you such precious promises as we find in the Bible will make a man rejoice in tribulation."

It was at the close of this year of labour and suffering, that, at the Conference of 1879, the proposal again met him to go to Anticosti. The old desire to minister to the wants of those needy people revived, and though now in his 67th year, he accepted the offer with gladness, and made immediate preparations to proceed to the distant mission which, in the Providence of God, was to become his last battle-field. He went to it with the spirit of a hero. Whilst making his way to Gaspe, he spent one Sabbath at Cornwall, and took the pulpit for the Rev. R. Whiting, who says:—"He preached with uncommon effect both morning and evening, and in the afternoon addressed the Sabbath-school, with the vivacity of a youth and the wisdom of a sage." Another week was

spent on the way to Quebec, with his new chairman, the Rev. Leroy Hooker, who says of him :—" His coming and going was like the coming and going of the sun." Though cautioned by Mr. Hooker against facing the rigours of an Anticosti winter, he went on singing,—

" For we have but one river to cross."

He arrived at Gaspé on the 25th of July, in tolerably good health, and in fine exuberance of spirits. The superintendent of the mission, the Rev. Mr. Brick, thought it best to visit the Island himself and make full preparations for the arrival of "Uncle Joe," leaving him in charge of the work at Gaspé. Here he worked with his accustomed energy. The people were deeply impressed with his devotion, and amazed at the wonderful power of his memory, observing that his hymns and chapters were repeated without either Hymn-book or Bible.

On September 27th, he left Gaspé, by packet, for the Island. The voyage was somewhat rough, and the sailors relate that "Uncle Joe" was very sick, but never desponding, for in the midst of all, his voice was often heard above the storm, singing hymns of praise to God. On reaching the Island he wrote to Mr. Brick, saying, "I shall try and labour faithfully at Fox Bay. If my life and health are spared till June, I suppose I will go back to Gaspé by first packet, and if it be the will of my heavenly Father that I should finish my course at Anticosti, I say, amen to it."

He had a great spiritual struggle on endeavouring to fulfil his ardent expectations of labouring for the people of this Island. There had come an intimation from the Master, that from the bleak shore of Anticosti he should ascend to Paradise—and like the great apostle, he exclaimed, "I am in a strait betwixt two."

In an unfinished letter to Mr. Brick, dated, December 28th, 1879, only eight days before his death, he expresses his opinion that he would not recover from a severe illness that had followed him almost from the time of landing on the Island. The last words in the letter were, "I can write no more, but wait for a few days." These "few days" were to end the drama of his stirring and eventful life. He suffered much towards the last, but was calm and peaceful. Much sympathy was displayed by the people of Fox Bay, who received him as an angel of God,

Though far away from many devoted friends, who would gladly have watched around his dying couch, and caught the last whispers of his abiding hope, the shadow of the Almighty fell sweetly upon him, attendant angels came swiftly to that humble abode, and the grateful islanders gazed with sad interest upon the closing scene of the good man's life. It was about one o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, in the New Year, 1880, that one of two anxious watchers, perceiving his end was near, said, "Mr. Little, you would not wish to be buried here in Anticosti, would you?" He replied, "Why, I would as soon be buried here in Anticosti as in the City of Jerusalem!" Soon after this he enquired, "*What time is it?*" On being told, he turned his face from the light, and without a struggle or a groan, passed away.

No earthly clinging,
 No lingering gaze,
 No strife at parting,
 No sore amaze,
 But sweetly, gently,
 He passed away,
 From this world's dim twilight,
 To endless day.

HYMN OF TRUST.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
 Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
 On Thee we cast each earth-born care,
 We smile at pain while Thou art near!

Though long the weary way we tread,
 And sorrows crown each lingering year,
 No path we shun, no darkness dread,
 Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near!

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
 And trembling faith is changed to fear,
 The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
 Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!

On Thee we fling our burdened woe,
 O Love Divine, forever dear,
 Content to suffer, while we know,
 Living and dying, Thou art near!

MEN WORTH KNOWING;
OR, HEROES OF CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

BY W. H. WITHROW, M.A.

BERNARD PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER.*

O Palissy ! within thy breast
Burned the hot fever of unrest ;
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine
The exultation, the divine
Insanity of noble minds,
That never falters nor abates,
But labours and endures and waits,
Till all that it forsees it finds,
Or what it cannot find, creates.

—*Longfellow's "Keramos."*

The popular interest in Ceramic art should inspire also an interest in one of the greatest of Ceramic artists. Palissy may be called almost the modern founder of that delightful art which invests even the most prosaic objects of household use with a poetic beauty. Many who have never heard his name enjoy the results of his genius and patient industry, in the increased elegance and ornament of the most common domestic wares. He has brightened the lives of thousands by introducing into the lowliest homes objects of beauty, and cultivating a taste for the beautiful. But he has also superior moral claims upon our admiration. He illustrated in his life the loftiest graces of the Christian character, and in an age of persecution he exhibited the courage and constancy of a confessor and martyr.

In the south-western part of France, on the banks of the beautiful Charente, is the picturesque and ancient town of Saintes. One morning in May, in the year 1538, a young man of about thirty, with his wife and child, became the occupants of a small house in the outskirts of the town. What especially attracted the attention of the simple towns-folk, was the effigy of a dog at the

* In addition to the authorities quoted in our last sketch, we have consulted largely the admirable Life of Bernard Palissy, by C. S. Brightwell, which is founded upon the *Recette Veritable*, or autobiography of Palissy himself.

doorway, modelled and painted in so life-like a manner that it was often challenged to combat by dogs of high and low degree of the narrow-streeted little town. The gossips, chatting at their open doors, soon learned that the stranger was Bernard Palissy, a painter and worker in glass, who also possessed sufficient skill to act as surveyor and measurer of land. He had been born near Agen, in Guienne, of parents so poor that his education was limited to the simple arts of reading and writing. He was an enthusiastic lover of nature, and his portfolios, it was whispered, were full of the most exquisite sketches of plants and flowers, birds and butterflies, lizards and beetles, and all manner of rare and curious things.

There were also more sinister rumours that the stranger was infected with the taint of heresy, then spreading throughout the realm. He had even been seen conferring with Master Philibert Hamelin, a well-known follower of the arch-heretic, Calvin; who, under the guise of a pedlar, hawked Bibles and religious books from town to town. But Palissy was a good neighbour, as indeed were many others who held the same religious views—a little righteous over-much, perhaps, but honest, worthy people. The priests had not yet, however, kindled the fires of persecution, and so Palissy was not for the present molested on account of his belief. He continued industriously surveying, painting, designing, for the towns-folk and the neighbouring seigneurs. Summoned one day to a feudal château to receive a commission, he beheld an enamelled Moorish vase, which was a revelation of beauty to his soul. Although he knew there was no man in France who could make enamelled ware, he determined to discover the secret, and imitate that wondrous vase. Visions of fame and fortune danced before his eyes, as he discussed with his trustful wife, Lizette, his purpose. "There will be the loss of time from my wonted work," he said; "besides, I must purchase drugs and build furnaces. I shall be as a man that gropes his way in the dark, for I have no knowledge of clays, nor of what material enamels are composed; and it may be a weary while before I master this art." So he braced himself for his difficult task; but had he foreseen the long struggle of sixteen years before he should fully accomplish his purpose, even his high courage might have failed.

That night at his family devotions he read the story of Bezaleel,

the son of Uri, whom God called to devise curious works in gold and silver for the tabernacle (Exodus xxxv.) "Then," said he, "I took courage in my heart, and besought Him to give me wisdom and skill."

He set to work with enthusiasm; he built a furnace, bought a quantity of earthen pots and broke them into pieces, which he smeared with different chemical materials, in the hope that under the action of heat some of them might form an enamel. Alas, not the least sign of vitrification appeared, and his first disappointment was but the beginning of an almost innumerable series of crushing disasters. Palissy thus describes his labours in the shed behind his house: "I was every night at the mercy of the rain and wind, without help or companionship, except from the owls that screeched on the one side, and the dogs that howled on the other; and often I had nothing dry upon me, because of the rain that fell."

After many failures, he carried three or four hundred experiment pieces to a potter's kiln, some five miles distant, and requested him to bake the strange batch. When drawn from the kiln they proved absolutely worthless. Again and again the almost hopeless task was repeated, "with," as he says, "great cost, loss of time, confusion and sorrow."

Three years of failure had impoverished his home, sickness and death had befallen it, and there were still three little mouths to feed, a delicate wife to nurse, and medicine, clothing and many needs to supply. Palissy must find some wage-winning work. Such work he obtained in surveying the marshes of Saintonge, to enable the king, Francis I., to levy a more rigorous salt tax. In these amphibious labyrinths, many of the persecuted Huguenots had taken refuge. Three of them were captured, and Palissy beheld them marched to the pillory, "bridled like horses, and each of them having an apple of iron fastened to the bridle, which completely filled his mouth—a hideous sight to behold," writes the potter, "and one that makes us marvel at the wondrous patience of God." A few days later he beheld a still more hideous sight, as two of these men were burned to ashes at the stake—the third had escaped. It was a demonstration of the malignancy of that persecuting fury from which he stood in jeopardy for the remainder of his life.

The money earned by the survey of the marshes paid the

potter's debts, and procured materials for still further experiments. "For two years," he says, "he did little but buy pots and break them, grinding drugs and smearing the fragments, and coming and going between his house and some glass furnaces, which, being much hotter than those of the potteries, were more likely to fuse his pastes into enamel. Meanwhile, poverty had come in like an armed man to the humble home, and death had twice again carried off his prey. The patient wife, her heart grown sick with hope deferred, and unsustained by the energy of will which inspired her husband, complained of his obstinate perverseness in such profitless labour. Even his high courage for a moment faltered. One more last trial he pleaded for; and then, if he failed, he would abandon the search for ever. In this crisis of his life, he tells us he sought help from on high, and then made the trial on which all his future was to hang. At last success appeared to dawn. Among the 300 pieces he put into the furnace was *one* which in four hours melted and turned out white and polished, "in a way that caused me," he says, "to feel such joy as made me think I was become a mad creature."

With winged feet he flew home and burst into his wife's sick chamber with the cry, holding aloft the precious fragment, "I have found it; I have found it." She caught his hopeful spirit. She knew not that weary years of disappointment and failure must elapse before victory should crown his efforts. With rekindled enthusiasm, he devoted himself to fresh labours. Nine months he spent in moulding in clay a large number of elegant vessels, and in building a furnace—with no one even to bring the brick, or draw the water—and grinding his drugs for the enamel. Now the final test has come; the furnace is kindled. All day—all night long—he feeds it with fuel; still the enamel does not melt. Next day, his son Nicole brings him his frugal breakfast of pottage. How haggard he looks! but he bates not a jot of courage. "God bless thee, my boy," he exclaims; "tomorrow I hope we may make holiday. The enamel will surely melt soon." All day and through another night he feeds the fires; and so for six long days and nights; in vain—still the enamel will not melt. For a few minutes he may fall asleep, but he suddenly wakes and feeds the insatiable fire. At last hope dies, and with lack-lustre eye and drooping head he sits beside the slackening fire. "I was like a man in desperation," he writes,

“and began to pound and grind more material without letting my furnace cool. Now occurred a new misfortune. The wood having failed me, I was forced to burn the palings of the garden fence, and the tables and flooring of my house. I suffered an anguish that I cannot speak, for I was quite exhausted and dried up by the heat of the furnace. It was more than a month since my shirt was dry upon me. Further, I was an object of mockery, and was regarded as a mad man by my neighbours.” It is to this period in the life of Palissy that Longfellow refers in the following vigorous lines:—

Who is it in this suburb here,
This potter working with such cheer,
In this mean house, this mean attire,
His manly features bronzed with fire ;
Whose figulines and rustic wares
Scarce find him bread from day to day ?
This mad man, as the people say,
Who breaks his tables and his chairs
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares
Who goes unfed if they be fed,
Nor who may live if they are dead ?
This alchemist, with hollow cheeks,
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,
By mingled earths and ores combined
With potency of fire, to find
Some new enamel, hard and bright,
His dream, his passion, his delight ?

Still Palissy despaired not. “I said to my soul,” he writes, “‘wherefore art thou saddened. Labour now, and the defamers shall live to be ashamed.’” At this crisis an honest Huguenot innkeeper lent him money and sympathy, and he began again his weary quest. Another furnace was built, and a fresh batch of “figulines and rustic wares” prepared. The glaze melted in a single day, but the flints of the furnace exploded, and the little fragments stuck all over the soft surface of the enamel. His impatient creditors were pressing for the payment of his debts, and “I lay down in melancholy,” says the much-tried man—“not without cause, for I had no longer any means to feed my family.” In his extremity, he obtained a commission to execute some medallions for a neighbouring château, which so won the admiration of the *Sieur de Montmorenci*, Constable of France,

that Palissy never, thereafter, lacked lucrative patronage. In the Constable's famous Château d'Écouén, he found ample scope for his artistic genius, painting, with Biblical subjects, glass and encaustic tiles, and moulding graceful ornaments.

But every moment of his spare time was devoted to perfecting his pottery. "For sixteen years," he writes, in grateful retrospect, "I blundered on at my business. When I had learned to guard against one danger, then came another on which I had not reckoned. I made several furnaces which cost me great loss before I could heat them equally. I verily thought I was at the door of the sepulchre. I was despised and scorned by all." At length, after almost countless failures and disappointments, his beautiful art was brought to such perfection that the specimens of Palissy-ware, in the museums of the Louvre, of Sèvres, of the Hotel Clugny, are worth their weight in gold. A copy of one now lies before us—an oval platter, on which are exquisitely modelled in high relief and coloured after nature, fish, shells, frogs, lizards, prawns, leaves, flowers, fruit, butterflies, and beetles. Others are covered with exquisitely graceful forms of seaweeds and coral, mosses and aquatic plants and animals. Others are moulded into the forms of medallions and vases, with faces, figures, landscapes, and statuettes, full of artistic and poetic feeling. In their fabrication he found an ample compensation for all the trials and disappointments of his long years of toil and experiment.

We must now turn to another aspect of his character and contemplate Palissy as the Huguenot preacher and witness for the truth. At the instance of his friend, Philibert Hamelin, the poor potter of Saintes, gathered, on Sundays, his humble neighbours for the study of God's Word. Week by week he read and expounded some portion of the Scripture. Undeterred by the recent burning of a Huguenot heretic, and incurring himself the same peril, he boldly kept up the practice; "And that" he writes "was the beginning of the Reformed Church in Saintes." Soon his friend Hamelin was arrested and refusing to escape at the peril of another, he suffered martyrdom with the greatest constancy.

In our last paper we described the outbreak of the wars of religion on the massacre of Vassy. Nowhere was the persecution of the Huguenots more active than in the town of Saintes.

"Deeds so wretched were done" writes Palissy, "that I have a horror of the mere remembrance. It seemed as though hell had broken loose and all the devils had come into this town." He incurred the resentment of the persecuting faction. "There will be no peace till he is silenced," they said; "shall we be defied by an insolent mechanic?" and he was thrown into prison. Fearing the interference of his powerful patrons, his enemies at dead of night smuggled their victim from his cell and hurried him off to Bordeaux, where, beyond protection, his crime would receive the prompt punishment of heresy. Here naught could save him but the authority of the bigot king, Charles IX., a man little likely to rescue a Huguenot from the axe or stake. But the genius of the artist counterbalanced in the mind of the veteran Constable, Montmorenci, the crime of the heretic and his Château d'Écouén was still unfinished. At this time the Queen-mother, the "sceptered sorceress," Catharine de Medicis, who had a passion for building, was planning the Palace of the Tuileries. The Constable strongly urged the employment of Palissy. "He is precisely the man whom your Majesty would find invaluable for your proposed works. But he has fallen into the hands of the parliament of Bordeaux and will infallibly be hanged or burned, and serve him right for a heretic knave. But my Château is incomplete and Master Palissy is a rare workman." "You should not let such a treasure slip through your fingers," said the astute Queen-mother. "Let him be appointed to the service of his Majesty and he will be removed from the jurisdiction of Bordeaux."

Palissy was now released from his grim prison and after taking leave of the graves of his wife and six children at Saintes, the scene of his long trials, he removed in 1563, being then in his fifty-third year, to Paris. He was soon installed with his two sons at the new works of the Tuileries, designing garden architecture, grottoes, fountains, vases and ornamental figures. His taste was improved by the study of the great works of Italian art and many of the châteaux of France were enriched with the labour of his hands.* At the battle of St. Denis, beneath the walls of Paris, the fiery old Constable, the generous patron of Palissy, was slain. But the genius of the artist procured

* In 1865, the oven and other relics of Palissy were discovered in the substructions of the Tuileries.

for him the protection of those who persecuted his religion. It is doubtful, however, if even this would have saved him from the dread massacre of St. Bartholomew, but during that time of terror he was absent from the city, engaged in certain art labours at the Château of Chaulnes.

We have yet another aspect in which to contemplate this many-sided man—that of the scientist and philosopher. He had always been a keen observer of nature. He was one of the earliest students of geology, and had a very wide acquaintance with fossils. “I have found,” he says, “more fishes and shells petrified on the earth, than there are modern kinds inhabiting the ocean.” He prepared a design for a fortification based upon the construction of a marine shell—the purple murex. He propounded a theory of springs which anticipated by three centuries the science of the present day. In order to explain and at the same time test his theories of physics he determined to give a series of public expositions in his museum of natural history, and caused placards announcing these to be affixed to the street corners of Paris. That only the learned and those capable of judging might attend these expositions he charged a fee of one dollar, but he announced that if his theories did not prove trustworthy he would restore fourfold. More than thirty of the most skilful physicians and surgeons, grand seigneurs and titled ecclesiastics and lawyers attended these lectures and, “thanks to God,” said the lecturer, “never man contradicted me a single word.” “These,” says his biographer, “were no idlers, but a sort of Royal Society instituted for the occasion, while the self-taught philosopher gave the first course of scientific lectures ever given in the French metropolis.” Palissy made no parade of learning. “I am no Greek or Hebrew,” he said, “poet or rhetorician, but a simple artisan, poorly enough trained in letters. I had rather speak truth in my rustic tongue than lie in rhetoric.” “Where did you learn all this?” asked an admirer. “I have had no other teacher,” said the peasant philosopher, “than the heavens and the earth, which are given to all to be known and read.” The science taught by the self-educated potter, we are informed by a competent authority, was such as has entitled him, in the present day, to the admiration of men like Buffon, Haller, and Cuvier.

In 1580, when he was over seventy years of age, Palissy gave to the world the mature fruit of his studies, which he “had found

grace before God to understand." It was a series of treatises upon waters and fountains, metals, salts, stones, earths, marls, ores, enamels and the like. We get a glimpse of him four years later still lecturing on his favourite natural science. But the evil spell of the Guises was upon the land. The shallow king, Henry III., sacrificed his Protestant subjects to make peace with the head of the Holy League. The Huguenots were commanded on pain of death to abjure their faith or to fly the country. The venerable old man, who in his youth had confronted death for conscience' sake, would not now be false to the truth, and was flung into the dungeons of the Bastile, there to drag out the remaining four years of his life. But the dungeon had no terrors to his soul. Like our own English Lovelace who sang in his cell:

"Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage,"

he was sustained by the indomitable freedom of his soul. Our last glimpse of the heroic veteran, in his eightieth year, shows his undaunted daring and unfaltering faith. The Guises clamoured for his blood. Henry III. sought to shake his constancy. "My good man," said the unkingly King, "I am compelled to give you into the hands of my enemies. You must be burnt unless you recant." "Sire," said the peasant-hero, "I am ready to yield up my life for the glory of God. You say, you pity me. It is rather I that should pity you, who say 'I am compelled.' This not the language of a King. Neither yourself, nor the Guises, with all your people shall compel me; for I know how to die."

"The impudent rascal," says the courtier who tells the story "one might have supposed he knew the line of Seneca, 'Qui mori scit, cogi nescit.' " *

But not from the Pagan moralist, but from his own brave heart, and from his faith in God, had he learned this lofty lore; and it sustained him to the end. The ungrateful King was spared the infamy of burning a faithful servant and one of the greatest benefactors of France. A few months longer he lingered in the grim dungeons of the Bastile; and then the emancipated spirit entered into that endless liberty—

Where the tyrant's power is o'er
And the fetter galls no more.

* He who can die, cannot be compelled.

DOCTRINAL STANDARDS OF THE METHODIST
CHURCH OF CANADA.

BY PROF. W. I. SHAW, LL.B.,
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"WHERE can a stranger find your Methodist Creed?" said a friend of another Church to the writer, not long ago. In harmony with the popular and instructive aim so successfully reached by the CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, the following brief historical statement, in reply to the foregoing enquiry, may be of practical interest, probably not so much to ministers, to whom the matter may be familiar, as to the laity, who sometimes ask their pastors, "Where is our creed?"

In the first place, from the membership of the Methodist Church no subscription to a creed is required. According to the Catholic and generous statement of Wesley, "One circumstance is quite peculiar to the Methodists—the terms upon which any person may be admitted to their Society. They do not impose, in order to their admission, any opinions whatever." This, however, is to be understood as simply dispensing with formal subscription to a creed before admission to membership. In the familiar requirement of "a desire to flee from the wrath to come," on the part of a candidate, there is, of course, implied a belief in a "wrath to come," and that means belief in God, personal responsibility, sin, and retribution—in itself a very considerable creed. If more than this is demanded by our Ritual of Reception of Members, it is not probable it could be legally exacted, in view of historical precedents and the form of the General Rules.

The Discipline of the M. E. Church of the United States appears to require correctness of creed as a condition of membership, but such an interpretation is effectually disproved by Stevens, in his History of the M. E. Church, Vol. II., p. 218, note; or History of Methodism, Vol. II., p. 449, note. According to the Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada, and probably of all branches of Methodism, a member may be tried for "inveighing against the doctrine and polity of our Church, for the purpose of sowing dissensions in the Societies;" but it is everywhere understood that such persons are proceeded against,

not for their opinions, but for their moral conduct respecting their opinions. Said Wesley:—"I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me, than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes his wig off, and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get rid of him as soon as possible." The absence of dogmatic tests of membership is a peculiarity of Methodism, which renders it unique in the history of all reformatory movements in the Church, and one by which the great error has been avoided of demanding doctrinal unity without due regard to spiritual life. Methodism has wisely taken this position on the presumption which history confirms, that the creed of the laity is not likely to be far astray as long as the orthodoxy of the ministry is jealously and carefully secured, and the spiritual power of the Church is sustained.

The theological uniformity of the ministry is, however, most jealously guarded. It is strange that intelligent men have confounded our polity relative to membership with that relative to the ministry, and have actually taken Wesley's generous utterances concerning the former, as favouring the broadest laxity in the views of the latter. Doctrinal harmony in the ministry has been secured in the following way: In the year 1784 there was registered by Wesley, in Chancery, a Deed of Declaration (sometimes called the Poll Deed, as distinguished from an indenture), under which all Methodist Church property was to become vested, at his death, in the one hundred ministers therein designated, and their successors to be appointed as therein provided. The deed specified the duties and powers of this Legal Hundred. It provided that in case the number of ministers should at any time be reduced below forty, the property should become absolutely vested in the trustees, to be occupied by whatever pastors they should choose, and the Conference was to be dissolved.

Thus Wesley provided that his work should prove in itself that it was of God, or else come to naught. That he had no anticipation, however, of the latter result, he shows, when he states that he regarded this deed as "a foundation likely to stand as long as the sun and moon endure." In this deed it was secured that no one should be allowed to preach or perform any act of public worship on such property "who shall maintain, promulgate, or teach any doctrine or practice contrary to what

is contained in certain Notes on the New Testament, commonly reputed to be the Notes of the said John Wesley, and in the first four volumes of Sermons commonly reputed to be written and published by him." These sermons are otherwise known as the Fifty-two Sermons of the First Series of Wesley's Discourses, and were published in his lifetime, in four small volumes. To this series a fifty-third was added, being the funeral sermon preached at the death of Whitefield. The same provision was embodied in the Model Deed of the W. M. Church of Canada, and has been continued in the Model Deed used in the different Conferences of the Methodist Church of Canada. We are not to look, then, for the theological position of Canadian Methodism in any brief formulæ or symbols, but chiefly in the scope of doctrinal teaching given us in Wesley's Notes and Sermons above mentioned.

The question arises, "What is the relation, then, to our system of the Twenty-five Articles?" Concurrently with Wesley's enrolling the famous Deed of Declaration of 1784, there would seem to have been provided another theological standard, viz., the Twenty-five Articles abridged from the Thirty-nine Anglican Articles, which were authorized in 1562, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; but facts show that these did not have, up to 1878, the legal recognition among us given to the Notes and Sermons. The Articles, along with the abridged Liturgy, were prepared by Wesley, and sent over with Coke for the American Societies, and were accepted by the General Conference of the M. E. Church, at its organization in 1784. The use of the Liturgy was very soon discontinued, being suspected to savour of British Toryism, which just then was very odious. It is to be observed that this disuse was effected without legislation. According to Stevens (*History M. E. Church*, Vol. II., p. 197): "This organic provision has never been formally repealed," that is, the provision of Articles and Liturgy. Public opinion alone has rendered the Liturgy obsolete. So that if we look at the exact legal relation of the Twenty-five Articles in the American system, from which they have been incorporated into Canadian Methodism, we find that there is no more authority for the one than for the other; that observance of the Liturgy is as much required by law as conformity with the Articles. The only difference is that public opinion has irrevocably set aside the one, and in the

United States left the other in a very ambiguous position. We think we may safely say, that it has been out of respect to Wesley, or without any positive reason for dropping them (seeing they contain nothing contrary to what is taught in the Notes and Sermons), that they have been continued in the Discipline of the M. E. Church of the United States to the present day, and in the Disciplines of the various forms of Canadian Methodism. Regarding American Methodism, the position of Stevens is that these Articles have been useful, not as tests, but as "indicatory" of its position on certain questions of vital interest to Protestant Churches—questions which some think need no attention at present, but which, in the development of the Romish controversy, may again be of greatest moment.

In the Discipline of the Methodist Church of Canada, a practical authority has always been given to the Twenty-five Articles in the provision made for the trial of ministers who hold and teach doctrines "contrary to our Articles and Standards." Of course, if a minister be suspended under this provision, trustees have been obliged to withhold from him the use of our pulpits, just as if he were suspended on any other charge, even though the deed of their Church specifies no other standards but the Notes and Sermons. But by the action of the General Conference of 1878, anomaly is changed to certainty, and all doubts concerning the authority of the Articles are removed by Clause One of the Discipline, which says, "The doctrines of the Methodist Church of Canada are declared to be those contained in the Twenty-five Articles of Religion, and in the Notes." Nor can the General Conference of 1878 be charged with exceeding its powers in framing this clause, and with "altering our standards of doctrine," for the Articles, as shown above, had, from our organization in 1874, all the significance and legal force of standards, although not formally declared to be such, either in the Discipline or the Model Deed. The principal benefit of the new declaration is in relation to Trinitarianism and Christology; our Church taking a more decided stand with reference to these subjects on the side of orthodoxy, and on the basis of the Œcumenical symbols. It so happens that Wesley's sermon on the Trinity, in which he accepts the Athanasian Creed, or the *Symbolum quicumque*, not, he says, as an explanation of the mystery—in this respect he rejects it—but as a statement of the

fact, is not one of the Fifty-two Sermons mentioned in the Standards. It is well, therefore, that on this important doctrine the position of our Church is more satisfactorily defined by a formal authorization of the Twenty-five Articles.

The suggestion is occasionally made, that while we leave the Twenty-five Articles as they are, we ought to add to them a symbolic and authorized declaration of our belief in certain doctrines which are regarded as peculiar to Methodism, such as the unlimited extent of the Atonement, the witness of the Spirit, and entire sanctification. Those who make this suggestion forget the restrictive rule in the organization of both Canadian and American Methodism, which prohibits any change in our standards of doctrine. But aside from this absolute barrier to the proposal, the suggestion is open, we think, to three objections.

First. It is superfluous. In our present legal standards our doctrines are fully stated and secured by expanded discussion rather than by brief formulæ, which must, through the essential imperfection of all language, be more or less ambiguous. Some of the highest doctrinal symbols have been the battle-ground of bitterest theological warfare.

Second. Our theological tests as they now stand, preserve that of which we often boast, the doctrinal unity of Methodism in all lands. Let the step be taken which has been mentioned, and there is nothing to prevent the tacking on, by some branch of Methodism, of new views on doctrinal issues, which most Methodists would prefer to remain open questions, and discussions upon which would certainly create breaches between the different sections of Methodism, and destroy their doctrinal harmony.

Third. The Methodist Reformation, unlike all former reformation, has grown by giving its energies, not to doctrinal disputation, but to the development of spiritual life. We do not forget the importance and necessity of doctrinal definition. This only a fanatic would ignore; but with Wesley in his Sermons and Notes to tell the world what we believe, and with the Trinitarian and Protestant utterances of the Twenty-five Articles universally accepted by us, we think we need go no further in announcing our interpretation of the theology of the Bible.

Any one then desiring to know the creed of the Methodist Church of Canada, as representing the strongest form of Canadian Protestantism, must intelligently study the doctrinal scope

of Wesley's Notes on the New Testament, his first series of sermons, and the Twenty-five Articles.

But it is objected, "I have studied these, and I find views taught by Wesley that few or no Methodists accept, ex. gr. belief in the immortality of beasts. This suggests the enquiry, what, then, is to be the measure of laxity or stringency with which our standards are to be held? We answer, this will be settled practically by the prevalent spirit of our Church. No human law carries with it greater force than the people put into its letter. If a minister is charged with Sabellianism, while cordially believing in the essential deity of Christ, he might be suspended from the ministry of our Church, but it is not likely he would be. If he rejects the element of vicariousness in the Atonement, we think we correctly interpret the spirit of Canadian Methodism when we say he would have to seek another denomination as a field of labour. If he holds views of entire sanctification, taught by Dr. Pope, which some think do not perfectly harmonize with Wesley, probably he would be let alone. If he does not accept Wesley's interpretation of the number of the Beast, any one prosecuting him therefor, for heresy, will have the smiles of his brethren for his pains. Dr. Patton, in a very judicious article in the *Princeton Review*, at the time of the Swing controversy in Chicago, ably maintained the opinion that all doctrinal standards must, in fact, be interpreted by the prevalent spirit of the different Churches, and this will determine the degree of connivance, if we may use such a term, that will be permitted toward departure from the letter of the standards. What is the prevalent spirit of Methodism? is scarcely an open question. Any one may know that the more advance it makes in intelligence and education, the more cordially and deliberately it holds the body of evangelical truth, so practically and clearly expounded by John Wesley, and no company of Methodist preachers in the world, in the whole army of 32,000 of them, are more conservative on this point than the 1,200 ministers connected with the Methodist Church of Canada.

Again, it is objected, that in committing ourselves to certain standards, and then enacting that they shall never be changed, we are putting a yoke upon ourselves which no freeman will tolerate. Not exactly. It is more in this fashion: We have locked ourselves in and then thrown away the key. But is there no escape from the confinement? Yes, in three methods. First, a

brother may create a disturbance inside, and be deservedly put out of the window; or second, differing from his brethren, he may do a more sensible and honourable thing, and quietly slip out of his own accord; or third, all inside, or a majority of, the strongest, may resolve to break that door open, and if they so resolve it will be done. The constitution of 1874 is not indestructible. It is *possible* that our ministers may resolve unanimously to adopt Socinian views of Christ. The man is deranged, however, who says that this is in the slightest degree *probable*. They may unanimously, or by a decided majority, though still unconstitutionally, depart very materially from our standards, and if so, they, of course, break through their confinement. The force of a law depends upon the degree of submission to it on the part of those to whom it applies. The Methodist creed, the Methodist class-meeting, the Methodist itinerancy, all will go when a majority of the strongest demand it.

The figure of confinement, however, just used, only serves to illustrate the unattractive point of legal restriction. As a matter of fact, the Lord has brought us into a large and wealthy place, and when occasionally we come to the fence of our doctrinal limitations to look outward, we see nothing attractive to us, or furnishing a spiritual home to destitute men. This domain of evangelical truth does not belong only to us. Most of it is occupied as well by brethren of other churches, with whom it is our wish to dwell together in unity, and in maintenance of the essential truths of man's complete ruin by sin, Atonement by the vicarious sacrifice of the divine Christ, Sanctification by the personal and divine Spirit, and a system of eternal rewards and punishments revealed in the inspired and infallible record of Holy Scripture.*

* Since the writing of the above, it appears that our British brethren have declined the proposals of the American Executive Committee to discuss at the Œcumenical Conference, in London, any doctrinal points whatever. This may possibly arise from an apprehension of greater doctrinal laxity in America than really exists. It strikes us, however, that without much theological discussion the fifteen different branches of Methodism in the world might, at that Conference, most profitably submit brief historical statements of their doctrinal position, such as has been attempted above concerning Canadian Methodism, and these would afterwards be useful as the basis of a Methodist theological *consensus*. Probably this was Rev. Dr. Summer's idea in submitting to the Committee in New York an extended syllabus of points of enquiry in this department.

VALERIA,

THE MARTYR OF THE CATACOMBS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CATACOMBS OF ROME AND THEIR TESTIMONY."

CHAPTER IX.—A DIFFICULT QUEST.

THE Empress Valeria had not forgotten her purpose to discover, if possible, the father of her freed-woman, Callirhoë, and at the earliest opportunity took steps to accomplish her design. It was, she knew, a task of much difficulty, and one that required an intelligent and confidential agent. It was also of the utmost importance that some sign of identity should be exhibited as a guarantee of the good faith of the agent. With this view the Empress one day, as she sat at her toilet in the apartment described in our third chapter, thus interrogated her freed-woman and namesake, Valeria Callirhoë.

"Hast thou any token, child," she asked, "by which, should we find thy father, he would be assured of thy identity?"

"I was despoiled of everything, your Majesty," said the girl, "by the pirates by whom we were captured, except the clothes in which I stood. All my rings and jewellery were rudely snatched away, and I never saw them again."

"What is that little amulet I have seen thee wear?" asked the Empress; "I think thou hast it now."

"Oh, that was so trivial and valueless," said Callirhoë, "that they either overlooked it or thought it not worth taking;" and she drew from the folds of her robe, where it hung suspended by a silken cord about her neck, a cornelian stone, carved into the shape of a tiny fish,* on which was inscribed the word, ΣΩΤΗΡ, or "Saviour," and on the other side the letters, ΚΑΛ.ΔΗΜΗΤ.ΘΥΡ —a contraction for "Callirhoë, daughter of Demetrius."

"Trivial as it is," said the girl, with emotion, "it is something which I value above all price. My sainted mother, before she died, took it from her neck and put it upon mine; and I hope to wear it while I live."

* These objects, of which the writer has examined several, were given to neophytes on the occasion of their baptism, as an emblem of their holy faith. (See explanation of the symbol of the fish in last chapter, p. 367.) They were often used as a sign of membership in the Christian Church, somewhat like our modern class-tickets.

"You do not regard it as an amulet, or charm against evil spirits, I am sure, like some Christians, who have not quite shaken off their pagan superstitions."

"Nay, your Majesty, but as a symbol of our holy faith. Yet it might well be a spell to keep my soul from sin, so sacred are its associations."

"I want you to give it to me," said the Empress.

"It is yours, your Majesty," said the girl, taking it from her neck, and passionately kissing it. "To no one else on earth would I give it; but from my best benefactress I can withhold nothing."

"I would not put thee to the pain of parting with it," said the Empress, with a kind caress, "but I need it as a clue, to find, if possible, thy father, and when found, as an identification of his child. I do not wish to raise hopes which may be doomed to disappointment; but I am about to make a strenuous effort to discover thy sire."

"A thousand thanks, dearest lady," exclaimed the grateful girl, kissing her mistress's hands and bedewing them with her tears. "I feel sure that God will reward your efforts, and answer my ceaseless prayers."

In pursuance of her purpose, the Empress wrote upon a scroll of parchment the following letter to her faithful counsellor, Adauctus:—

"Valeria, consort of the co-Emperor Galerius Caesar—to Adauctus, Treasurer of the Imperial Exchequer, greeting:

"Honoured Servant,—Thy mistress hath need of a faithful and intelligent agent, to execute a delicate and difficult mission. He must be of good address, and must be a man whom I can implicitly trust. When thou hast found such, bring him with thee to the palace."

L. S.

Having bound the scroll with a silken cord, and affixed her signet in purple wax, and addressed the document to the Imperial Treasurer, she sent it by a soldier of the guard, whom we would describe in modern parlance as an orderly-in-waiting, to Adauctus.

During the latter part of the day, the chamberlain announced a visit from "His Excellency the Imperial Treasurer." That officer was received with much honour by the Empress, who was attended only by her faithful freedwoman.

"Many thanks, your Excellency, for your prompt attendance. Have you found me the paragon whom I require?"

"I cannot avouch for that, your Majesty, but he is highly commended by his master, an honest soldier, who places him at your Majesty's service. Of his nimble wit and subtle parts, I can myself bear witness, and my own servant testifies that, if not a Christian, he is at least a sincere inquirer after the truth."

The Empress briefly explained the nature of the commission which she wished executed, and asked that the proposed agent, who waited in an ante-room, might be presented. In a moment the chamberlain announced our old friend Isidorus. With bowed head and hands folded upon his breast, he stood on the threshold, and then advancing, knelt gracefully before the Empress. He evidently made a good impression, for her Majesty smiled graciously and said:—

"It is a difficult quest on which I would send thee, but thou shalt be well rewarded for thy fidelity and zeal."

"My humble services, my life, are at your Majesty's disposal," said the Greek. "I shall deem myself well rewarded by your Majesty's favour."

"See'st thou this lady?" asked the Empress, pointing to Callirhoë. "To find her sire in this wide world—that is thy task;" and she briefly explained the nature of the commission.

The youth gazed long and earnestly on the fair face of the girl, and replied, "Those features once seen can never be forgotten. If I find anywhere on earth aught resembling them, I shall not fail to recognize the likeness. In such a quest I would gladly search the wide world over."

"My chamberlain will amply equip you for your journey, and will give you a letter, with the Emperor's seal, to all the Roman prefects in Italy; and, by the Divine favour, I trust you will bring us good tidings."

"So may it be," said the youth, as he retired from the presence, giving, as he did so, a lingering look at Callirhoë, who, with dilated eyes and parted lips, gazed at him with an intensity of entreaty that would have proved an inspiration to a less susceptible nature than his.

CHAPTER X. A WICKED PLOT.

We have already mentioned the fact that Fausta, the mother of the Emperor Galerius, was a fanatical pagan. The especial object of her regard was the goddess Cybele, who was worshipped in Rome with rites of the most degrading superstition. Fausta was intensely bitter in her hatred of the Christian name, and strenuously endeavoured to incite her son, the Emperor, to persecution. She was especially virulent towards her daughter-in-law, the beautiful Valeria, and sought by every means to embitter the mind of Galerius against her. In this she was strongly abetted, or rather inspired, by Furca, the vicious old priest of Cybele, whose wicked influence over her was very great. This worthy pair, the day after the interview above described, were engaged in a secret conclave or conspiracy against Valeria and the Christians, while the latter was seeking to carry out her benevolent enterprise.

The scene of their interview was the reception-room of Fausta, in the palace of the Emperor Galerius. It was far more sumptuously furnished and decorated than that of the Empress Valeria, and at one end, in a marble niche, stood an ugly image of the goddess Cybele, with her crown of many towers, rudely carved out of olive wood, but quite embrowned, and almost blackened with age. It was bedizened with costly jewels, and was deemed to be of special sanctity. Before it was a small marble altar, on which burned, day and night, a silver censer.

At the moment of which we write, Fausta approached the altar, and kissing her hand to the image—an ancient mode of worship, from which we get the word “adore”—she took some costly Sabeian incense from a small gold coffer, and sprinkled it on the glowing coals of the censer. Dense white fumes arose, whose rich aromatic odour filled the large apartment. Fausta had been an Illyrian peasant, and, notwithstanding her embroidered robes and costly jewels, she still exhibited much of the rude peasant character and lack of culture. Her coarse and wrinkled features and swarthy complexion, were all the more striking by their contrast with the snowy mantle, with its gold-embroidered border, which she wore; and her bright black eyes glittered with an expression of deadly malice like those of a serpent. While she stood before the altar, a servant announced that Furca, the arch-

priest of Cybele, had obeyed her summons. As the curtain of the door was drawn aside, a little weazened old man, as dark as mahogany, wearing a thick crop of snow white hair, appeared.

"Thanks, good Furca," said Fausta, "I desire your counsel on a matter of much importance to the State, and to the worship of the holy Cybele."

"At your service, your Excellency," said the obsequious priest, who also kissed his hand to the black-faced image, and sprinkled a few grains of incense on the censer.

"Thou knowest how the worship of the Galilean Christus has increased, not only among the common people, the vile plobs, and the still viler slave population, but even among the patri-cians and nobles. I have evidence that even in this palace, and very near the throne, the execrable superstition is cherished.

"Alas! your Excellency, I fear it is only too true," whined the bigot arch-priest. "Certain it is that neither of the Em-presses, Prisca or Valeria, ever take part in the public worship of the gods, as from their lofty station it is their duty to do."

"Yes, and I have reason to believe that there is plotting and conniving between the Empress and the accursed Christian sect."

"Hast any proof of this?" asked the arch-priest, eagerly. "This is a crime against the State."

"The black slave Juba," replied Fausta, "is, as thou knowest, a faithful worshipper of Cybele, and she told me even now, that Adauctus, the Imperial Treasurer, had been only yesterday closeted with the Empress, and plotting to restore to the favour of the Emperor a certain Demetrius, a Christian renegade, who is in hiding for his crimes."

"Oh, ho!" chuckled the priest, with a wicked grin, my fine lady need not think herself so high and mighty as to be above the reach of the law, or beyond the anger of the insulted gods."

"I would almost give my eyes," hissed through her teeth the revengeful Fausta, "if I could only see that painted doll, Valeria, abased and degraded. She has too long held a sway, of which I, the mother of the Emperor, have been deprived."

"I trust you may not only see it," said Furca, gloating in anticipation over the prospect, "but also see her pale, proud mother, the Empress Prisca, humbled at your feet."

"Accomplish this," good Furca," exclaimed Fausta, with ex-

ultation, "and the goddess Cybele shall have such an offering as she never had before."

"We must be wary," said the priest, "or we may ourselves be crushed. They are too powerful to be attacked openly. We must plot against them secretly. I'll be a *furca* to them indeed," he added, punning upon his own name, which had also the signification of an instrument of punishment, something like a cross; and the conspirators parted with this pledge of mutual hate against their destined victims.

CHAPTER XI.—THE SLAVE MARKET.

In the meantime Isidorus, with well-filled purse, and armed with credentials under the Imperial seal, had set off upon his difficult and doubtful quest."

"However it turn out," he said to himself, "it will be strange if I do not climb a few steps higher on the ladder on which my feet are now placed. Being the confidential agent of the Empress is better than being the secretary of the rude soldier, Sertorius, and being snubbed by him every day, too."

Mounted on one of the best horses in the Imperial stables, he rode forth upon the famous Salarian Way, which led straight as an arrow over the wide Campagna, and over the rugged Appenines to the distant city of Ravenna, among the marshes of the Adriatic. Now a decayed and grass-grown city, six miles from the sea, it was then a great and busy port, and had been for two centuries and a half an important see of the Christian Church. Not to the prefect of the city, but to the bishop of Ravenna, Isidorus, with his natural tact and shrewdness, betook himself. The sign manual of the Emperor, which he confidently exhibited, did not command that regard which he had anticipated; but a private letter from Adauctus, commending Isidorus to all Christian bishops and presbyters, procured for him a much more cordial reception. He was hospitably entertained, and every possible assistance given him in his quest. The bishop called together the deacons who had the care of the poor of the Church, but none of them knew anything of Demetrius. The bishop had ransomed many Christian slaves—prisoners taken in war, or captured by pirates. A few years before, when the resources of the Church had been completely exhausted by the exercise of

this charity,* a company of captives had been sold by pirates to a Jewish slave-dealer named Ezra, and conveyed by him to the city of Mediolanum, or as we now call it, Milan, as offering, next to Rome, the best market for his wares. And one of the deacons remembered among this slave-gang an old man who resembled the description given of Demetrius.

To Milan, therefore, crossing again the Appenines, and riding up the broad, rich valley of the Po, went Isidorus. He was surprised to find a city, almost rivalling in extent Rome itself, and with a history reaching back to the times of the Etruscans, well-nigh a thousand years. First he sought the Jewish slave-dealer, who kept a regular mart for the sale or hire of human beings, just as one now-a-days keeps a livery-stable for the sale or hire of horses. There was as much fraud, too, in selling slaves then, as has been proverbially connected with horse-dealing and jockeying in every age. The *ergastulum*, or slave-pen of Ezra, was a large prison-like structure, surrounding the four sides of a hollow square. There were no windows to the street, and only very small iron-grated ones to the inner court; with heavy, iron-studded doors to the stable-like stalls, where the slaves were chained to a stout beam running along the wall.

A slave-auction was in progress when Isidorus arrived, so he had to wait till it was over before plying his quest. A gang of slaves, unchained, but guarded by keepers, armed with whips and spears, awaited their fate. Stripped nearly naked, they were rudely examined, pinched, handled, and made to stoop, lift heavy weights, walk, run, and show their paces like horses for sale. Many had their ears bored—a sign of servitude from the time of Moses—and others were seamed with scars of the cruel lash. This, however, lessened their market value, as it was evidence of their intractable and troublesome character.

Slavery was, at the time of which we write, one of the greatest evils of the Roman empire. It was a deadly canker, eating out the national life. It cast a stigma of disgrace on labour, and prevented the formation of that intelligent middle class which is the true safeguard of liberty. Never in the history of the

* This might easily happen, for after successful raids or slave hunts, the victims were sold by their pirate captors by the thousand. The fact is on record, that at Delos, a famous slave market, 60,000 were sold by Cælician pirates in a single day.

world was society so based upon the abject misery of vast multitudes of human beings. The slaves outnumbered, many times, their masters. They were forbidden to wear a peculiar garb, lest they should recognize their numbers and their strength, and rise in universal revolt. As it was, servile insurrections were of frequent occurrence. But they were crushed and punished with ruthless severity. In one slave revolt, 60,000 of these wretched beings were slain. The first question about a man's property was, "*Quot pascit servos?*"—"How many slaves does he keep?" Ten was considered the least number consistent with any degree of respectability. Four hundred slaves deluged with their blood the funeral pyre of Pedanius Secundus. Vidius Pollio fed his lampreys with the bodies of his human chattels. A single freedman left over 4,000 at his death. Some 2,000 men were lords of the Roman world, and the great mass of the rest were slaves. Their condition was one of inconceivable wretchedness. They had no rights of marriage, nor any claim to their children. Their food was a pound of bread a day, with a little salt and oil. Flesh they never tasted, and even wine, which flowed like water, almost never. Colossal piles, built by their blood and sweat, attest to the present day the bitterness of their bondage. The lash of the taskmaster was heard in the fields, and crosses, bearing aloft their quivering victims, polluted the wayside.

This dumb, weltering mass of humanity, crushed by power, and led by their lusts, became a hot-bed of vice, in which every evil passion grew apace. To these wretched beings came the gospel of liberty, with a strange, a thrilling power. The oppressed slave, in the intervals of toil or torture, caught with joy the emancipating message, and sprang up enfranchised by an immortalizing hope. He exulted in a new-found freedom in Christ, which no wealth could purchase, no chains of slavery fetter, nor even death itself destroy. In the Christian Church the distinctions of worldly rank were abolished.* The highest spiritual privileges were opened to the lowliest slave. In the ecclesiastical hierarchy were no rights of birth, and no privileges of blood. In the inscriptions of the Catacombs, no badges of servitude, no titles of honour appear. The wealthy noble, the lord of many acres, recognized in his lowly servant a fellow heir

* Apud nos inter pauperes et divites, servos et dominos, interest nihil. Lactant. *Div. Inst.* v. 14, 15.

of glory. They bowed together at the same table of the Lord, saluted each other with the mutual kiss of charity, and side by side in their narrow graves, at length returned to indistinguishable dust. The story of Onesimus was often repeated, and the patrician master received his returning slave, "not now as a servant, but above a servant—a brother beloved." Nay, he may even have bowed to him as his ecclesiastical superior, and received from his plebeian hands the emblems of their common Lord.

We return from this digression to the slave-market of Milan. Very few of Ezra's stock were black—not more than half a dozen, from Nubia and Libya. Most of them were as white as himself, or whiter still. There were Dalmatians, Illyrians, Iberians, Gauls, Greeks, Syrians, and many other nationalities. Ezra was engaged in busy converse, in a broken mixture of Latin and Greek, with the wealthy patrician, Vitellius, the lord of wide corn lands on the fertile banks of the Po.

"Field hands your Excellency wants? I have some splendid ones," he said, eagerly. "Here, you fellows, step out there and show your muscles;" and he struck with his whip-lash two brawny white-skinned, blue-eyed, yellow-haired British slaves.

"Sullen dogs these British often are," he said, "but they are as good as gold. They never run away like the Germans, nor steal like the Greeks, nor kill themselves like the Gauls."*

"Glad of that," said Vitellius. "I have had a perfect epidemic of suicide among my slaves. I had to kill several of them to keep them from killing themselves"—a sad but frequent comment on the utter wretchedness of their condition, from which death itself was the only refuge.

"Does your Excellency want anything of a higher grade?" asked Ezra. "Some skilled workmen to finish your elegant villa, for instance. I have a splendid Greek sculptor, almost another Phidias, and another a second Zeuxis with the brush. Then if you want a steward, or bookkeeper, or secretary, or reader, or a skilled physician, I have them all; or a hand-maid for your Excellency's wife. I have a beautiful Greek girl here, highly accomplished; can embroider, play the zither, sing in two

* These were the most common faults of slaves, for attempting which they were often branded on cheek or brow.

langunges. I sold her sister last week for 100,000 sesterces* — niece of an ex-archon. I felt really sorry for them, but what would you?—trade is trade. Times are bad. Poor Ezra has had bad luck. Several of his slaves kill themselves. Market glutted; price falls. I sell them very cheap—very cheap."

Vitellius made his purchases, had them chained together in a gang, and driven by his steward, like cattle, to his farm. The account of Ezra's interview with Isidorus we must defer to another chapter.

BENEDICTION.

"SLEEP soft, beloved," we sometimes say,
As if our wish could bear away

Our loved one's care;

"May brightest visions come to thee,
Like those thy waking dreams would see,
As answered prayer."

"Sleep soft, beloved," is our fond cry,

"Beneath a fair and cloudless sky,

Still sweetly sleep."

How vain our heart's desires may prove,

How helpless even where we love,

And love is deep.

How futile all our blessings are,

They wander like the stars afar,

In heaven's blue deep,

'Til softly whispered here we this,

"Be comforted, ' He giveth His

Beloved sleep !"

—"The Truce of God," and other Poems, by W. Stevens

* Over \$4,000 of our money. Very beautiful or accomplished slaves sometimes brought twice that amount.

THE FOUR YOUNG DRAPERS.

BY EDWARD MORPHY, ESQ.

ABOUT forty years ago, when Toronto was a small city of about 10,000 inhabitants, its business part was situated chiefly around the four unsightly walls called the market square. Close to the square, the largest dry goods, or drapery establishment, was kept by a Mr. M——, who did a large business, and kept a number of smart and gentlemanly young men as clerks. Amongst the latter were four whom the writer knew very well, seeing them almost daily. Two of the four hailed from old Scotia, and two from the Emerald Isle. As before stated, they were gentlemanly in appearance and manner, but were different in disposition and temperament. The reader will say, "I can easily guess what the Irish and Scotch temperament was, if true to their nationality." But not too fast, dear reader. The two Irish were not the two lively ones, nor the two Scotch the quiet and "cannie" ones. The grave and gay were equally divided between each country. For instance, J. Mack, from the "Land o' Cakes," was a good representative of his country—steady, cautious, thoughtful, a Sabbath-school teacher, and consequently a Bible student. W. Little, the other Scotchman, was the opposite of Mack in many respects. He was genial, social, fond of lively companions—especially those who were musically inclined. With such he felt at home, enjoying his pipe and glass of toddy, while he sweetly sang a Scotch melody, or one of Burns's Bacchanalian songs. And now for the sons of Erin. T. Crew, like J. Mack, was reserved, studious, a teacher in the Sunday-school. Notwithstanding this, he was of a lively disposition, fond of a well-timed joke, but always kept within the bounds of propriety. R. Mount, we will call him, the last of the quartette, was thoroughly Celtic in disposition, hailing from the south of Ireland. He still retained the Cork accent, was very lively, impetuous, witty, and genial. Like Little, he was fond of lively company, and was always welcomed on account of his oratorical ability, and his patriotic and comic songs.

Such were the "Four Young Drapers" who commenced their business education with equal chances of success. But mark

the divergence of their career in after life. Little, the sweet singer of Scotch airs, was invited to private and public parties, on account of his good singing and social disposition. Burns's anniversary was not complete without Little, and at midnight or the sma' hours of the morning, his musical and, by that time, mellowed, voice, might have been heard leading in the "Barley Bree"—

"The cock may craw and the day may dau,
But he will lou the barley bree."

It has often occurred to the writer, that there has been as much intoxicating liquor drank over Burns's songs as would float the "Great Eastern;" and if Burns were permitted to revisit this earth, especially on one of the anniversaries got up in his honour, how he would denounce the custom which not only shortened his days, but many other great geniuses, such as Byron, Shelley, and Sheridan, who might have lived to the full allotted time of man, and been a blessing to their kind had they been total abstainers.

Little's convivial habits soon became as chains to bind him. Late to rest and late to business brought him into trouble, and after many derelictions of duty, he was discharged by his employer, and left the city. Some years after this, the writer was passing through a neighbouring town, and while awaiting the arrival of the stage coach, he with other passengers was standing round a log-fire in the bar-room of the hotel. Presently the outer door was pushed open by the hostler, carrying a stick of cordwood on his shoulder, which he threw on the fire. This individual was dressed in an old grey coat, with a hood or *capote* of the same colour pulled over his head. As he turned round, the writer got a glimpse of his bloated countenance, which seemed strangely familiar, though sadly changed. "Surely I have seen that face before," I thought. Then turning to him, I accosted him thus:—

"Is your name Little?" "Yes, sir, that's my name." "Did you ever live in Toronto?" "Yes, sir." "In Mr. M——'s dry goods store?" "You seem to know me, sir. May I ask whom I have the pleasure of addressing?" "My name is Edward Morphy," I said. At the mention of the name, he was overcome with emotion, and with tears in his once handsome, but now bloodshot, eyes, he extended his hand, saying, "I am all that

remains of poor Willie Little, whom you knew in my happy days; but alas! I have fallen, and all through strong drink." After a few minutes' conversation, in which words of advice and encouragement were given him, the stage drove to the door, and taking hold of his feverish hand, I parted with poor Willie Little, and never saw him again.

And now for J. Mount. What became of that whole-souled Irishman? Alas! poor Mount; he, too, made a wreck of life. The drinking habit grew on him. His jovial manner, sparkling wit, and good singing, were a curse to him instead of a blessing. He was invited to nearly all the convivial parties in the city, especially the public dinners, where he was considered "the life of the party." To all the "usual loyal toasts," Mount had an appropriate song, which was received with great gusto and "loud applause." Mount was often toasted at those dinner parties, and called by his companions, as they sang, "A right good fellow, which nobody can deny." This fulsome praise of a present guest is unreal, and none but persons under the influence of strong drink could use such unmeaning flattery. Even Mount himself realized the hollowness of such professions when in business for himself. He sometimes called on the very chairman of the meeting where he was toasted, to borrow \$100 for a few days, "as he had a note to pay." That gentleman "would be very happy to oblige, but he really could not at present," and he referred him to Mr.—, the vice-chairman, and he to another, so that "they all, with one consent, began to make excuse." Finally, poor Mount could not borrow \$5 from one of those who called him "a right good fellow"—so much for professions when men are under the influence of alcohol. As stated above, Mount started business on his own account, but was a slave to habits which mastered him and injured his credit. The result was, the Sheriff sold him out, and he went on from bad to worse, and like poor Little, his sun went down under a cloud, and he died miserably.

The first two of our quartette, as already described, like many young men of the present day, made a great mistake in neglecting the Scriptural injunction, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." They ran with the giddy multitude, and sought pleasures in worldly amusements and the indulgence of the wine cup, which has allured so many to their doom. But

we have something better to say of J. Mack and T. Crew, who, as stated above, denied themselves of those indulgences, became total abstainers, connected themselves with the Sabbath-school and Methodist Church—where they found the pearl of great price—and became not only consistent members, but successful teachers, exhorters, and local preachers. They also proved in after life “that godliness was profitable to all things.” For instance, Crew, after faithfully serving his employer to the end of his term, had a choice of lucrative offices offered to him. One of these he accepted, and was entrusted with the full management of the establishment, the duties of which he faithfully discharged. He might have been a partner, or have risen to be a first-class merchant, had he continued in business; but he felt he had a higher calling, and gave up flattering worldly prospects for the high and honourable calling of a minister of the Gospel, which position he has adorned to the present day.

Like Crew, Mack thoroughly learned his business, and would have also gone into the Christian ministry, but his health prevented the accomplishment of this cherished purpose. His aim now was to become a “successful merchant,” so that he might not only enrich himself by the profits of an honest and honourable business, but have something to give for the cause of God. Having this aim in view, he was “diligent in business, fervent in spirit—serving the Lord.” Some say that he made a vow like the patriarch of old, that of all the Lord gave him, he would give a tenth to the Giver. Be that as it may, we think he carried it out in after life. Being possessed of an excellent character, he had good credit, and commenced business in a modest way. Gradually he rose to success, removing to larger premises—began to import stock for himself, went to Europe, made excellent arrangements with the largest manufacturers, then opened a wholesale house, then a larger and more extensive premises, and from step to step rose to be one of our largest merchants of the Dominion. His good business tact and sterling character brought him into the notice of his fellow-citizens, who solicited him to become their representative in the Local Legislature, and finally in the Dominion Parliament. Amid the many engagements of public life and of his immense business, he found time to devote to the interests of the cause of God.

The moral of this true story—for true it is in every detail, the

names only being disguised—lies on its surface. Had those two talented young men, who so early made shipwreck of their lives, been total abstainers from strong drink, and God-fearing members of a Christian Church, they might have been among the successful wholesale merchants of to-day. The lesson that the young men who read this sketch may learn therefrom, is this, "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

THE HIGHER LIFE.

"MY LORD DELAYETH HIS COMING."

LORD, dost thou know I am waiting,
Longing, and watching for thee?
Counting the moments as hours
Until thy face I see?
Questioning, "Is He not coming?"
Asking it o'er and o'er—
Listening for Thy knock, Lord,
Longing to open the door.

I thought last night He was coming,
That I heard Him at the gate;
But He only sent a message—
"A little longer wait;
I, too, am watching and waiting
For the glad hour to come,
When I shall bear thy spirit
Rejoicing to thy home.

"But I want thee, O my servant,
To suffer for me still;
'Tis well to long for thy Master,
But 'tis better to do His will."
So I cried unto my strong Jesus,
Whose love is so tender and great:
"Strengthen my longing spirit.
Make me willing to wait."

I am glad that He asked me to suffer,
Because I surely know

I never can do that for Him
In the home to which I go.
And I am sure I shall not be sorry
When my Lord does really come,
That I suffered a little longer
Before He took me home.

AVAILING PRAYER.

A large part of the instructions and the exhortations addressed to Christian believers in the Word of God, might be briefly comprehended in this twofold direction to work and pray. To pray, because everything in the form of blessing comes from God, and is conditioned on His favour. To work, because He has appointed us a work, and has made our work essential to all true success. To the Church as a body, and to every individual believer, no precept can be more fundamental and important than that which requires us to pray without ceasing, and to work while we pray. It is praying breath that sanctifies all work, and it is the working prayer that rises acceptable to God as sweet incense, and brings down the divine blessings. To them that have believed to the saving of their souls, this double life of prayer and work is the essence of the Gospel, the sum of Christian experience, and the sure condition of all high spiritual attainments in God's service. . . . The Apostle James says: "Ye ask and receive not, because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts." Of course, the motive of the praying man must be pure, the heart right before God. For, says the Psalmist: "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." And we must ask in strong faith. Says James again: "Let him ask in faith, nothing doubting. For he that doubteth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. Let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord." Again, we must pray with earnest importunity, feeling that we need the blessing and cannot live without it. Many prayers fail because they have no such urgency and deep conviction of need. Still further, we must continue to pray, feeling that we cannot give it up. We must persevere in prayer, if we would prevail. Such prayer is always answered in one form or another.

SPIRITUAL VANITY.

When the celebrated Neander was asked the cause of the defection of the German Churches from sound doctrine, he replied, "*A dead orthodoxy.*" There is nothing that can so guard the purity of the Christian faith as spiritual vitality in the Church. Alas for us, when the holy fire ceases to burn upon the altars of our spiritual Israel! We may then have our costly and magnificent edifices of worship, graceful in their proportions, beautiful and imposing in their architecture; their seats may be thronged with refined and wealthy congregations; their vaulted arches may reverberate with the choicest strains of music; the schools of human learning may contribute eloquent and refined thought, to feast the intellect and tickle the fancy of the gathered multitude; and the ceremonies of religion be performed with increasing pomp and splendour; but, alas! the whole would want vitality; and under its Lethean influence, immortal souls would be lulled to sleep, and slumber on, till roused by the angry surge rolling up on the dark shores of perdition. The mighty stream of death would lave the very threshold of the sanctuary, and on its bosom multitudes would be borne from the Church of God to the gates of hell. May God avert so fearful a calamity from our spiritual Israel!—*Rev. Bishop D. W. Clark.*

—If God's people in this land were once brought to abound in such deeds of love, as much as in praying, hearing, singing, and religious meetings and conference, it would be a most blessed omen. There is nothing would have a greater tendency to bring the God of love down from heaven; so amiable would be the sight in the eyes of our loving and exalted Redeemer, that it would soon, as it were, fetch Him down from His throne, to set up his tabernacle with men.

—It is not the reading of special books, or the setting apart of special days that prepares us for rightly coming to the Lord's table; but the truest preparation for that service is the every-day life, the constant abiding in Christ. With such a life, we can never eat or drink unworthily.—*H. Osgood.*

CURRENT TOPICS AND EVENTS.

DEATH OF DOCTOR PUNSHON.

We know of no death, since those of the Wesleys and Whitefield, which has caused throughout the Methodist world such profound sorrow as that of the great preacher whom God has just called from labour to reward. And not even in his own land, we think, beyond the circle of personal relatives, will that sorrow be more profound than in this land which, for five toilsome years on its behalf he made his adopted country. Throughout the United States, also, the vast multitudes who listened spell-bound to his eloquence will mourn with a sense of personal loss the death of William Morley Punshon. And far beyond the limits of his own denomination will that death be felt. His breadth of character, his catholic spirit, his matchless pulpit and platform oratory commanded the admiration of all the Churches. But only those who had the privilege of personal acquaintance can fully appreciate the genial warmth of his friendship and the lovable personal qualities of the man.

To his commanding influence and arduous toil Canadian Methodism owes much to-day. Coming among us as a stranger, he at once identified himself with our interests and laboured with all his energies for their promotion. During the five years of his residence among us, presiding at our assemblies, infusing new life and vigour into our operations and institutions, and thrilling our souls with the spell of his breathing thoughts and burning words, every department of our work felt the impulse of his energy. To him, more than to any other man, the Victoria College endowment scheme owed its successful inauguration; and one of his first acts after coming to this country was to consecrate to that object the whole of his official salary for a year and a-half. The Japan Mission, which, from the beginning, has so signally borne the

seal of the divine approval, is largely the result of his missionary zeal. The erection of the Metropolitan Church, Toronto, in its structure and surroundings probably the most elegant Methodist place of worship in the world, is also owing chiefly to his indomitable energy. The organic union of Canadian Methodism was also a scheme which lay like a burden upon his heart; and by his wise counsels and assistance that union, so far as yet consummated, was greatly promoted. Not only our cities, but the remote hamlets of the country enjoyed his presence and assistance; and journeys to the aggregate extent of 100,000 miles attest his tireless energy. He possessed the magical gift of obtaining large sums of money for charitable purposes, and at the same time bestowing, in full equivalent, the royal gifts of his eloquence. The church-building enterprises of the Connexion received from his labours an impulse which they have ever since retained. He had, also, relations to Canada of the tenderest and most sacred character. Here he experienced the bitterness of bereavement; and among us are the graves of the amiable and accomplished lady who became his wife, and of a beloved and loving daughter.

It is impossible to speak too warmly of Dr. Punshon's unselfishness and generosity; of this let two instances suffice.—From the proceeds of a single published lecture he gave £1,000 towards the erection of a Wesleyan chapel at Spitalfields. Witnessing the poor accommodation provided by the Wesleys for divine service at several English watering places, he undertook, in addition to his own circuit work, to raise, within five years, by lecturing and personal solicitation, the sum of £10,000 in aid of a fund for the erection of chapels at these places. Everything seemed against the project. The cotton famine and consequent finan-

cial panic occurred, his own health failed, and, besides this, £200,000 were raised within the allotted period for the Missionary Jubilee. Yet the pledge was fulfilled; and at the end of the five years Dr. Punshon had the gratification of announcing that his self-imposed labour of love was accomplished. At the memorial service, held in the Metropolitan Church on April 25th, Dr. Ryerson stated, that during the five years of his residence among us, his givings to Canadian Methodism were more than the whole of his official salary. That service was one of extraordinary interest. The church was appropriately draped in black, and a large audience listened with deep emotion to the loving tributes to the honoured dead of Dr. Ryerson, Dr. Nelles, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Potts, Dr. Burwash, Dr. Rose, George Cochran, D. Powis, and Dr. Aikins.

Since his return to England, Dr. Punshon's labours, as President of the Wesleyan Conference, and Senior Secretary of the Missionary Society, for the cause of God and for the Church he loved and served so well, have been unceasing. To this, in human speaking, is probably due the comparatively early ending of his useful life.

His volume of graceful poems, "Sabbath Chimes," shows that to the orator's spell of power he conjoined the gentler charm of the poet's tuneful lyre. No less remarkable were his admirable administrative ability and habits of business exactness. But his supreme power was in the pulpit. To thousands, the memory of his conference, camp-meeting, and anniversary sermons is one of spiritual quickening and of lingering delight. We once heard, in the same day, three of the greatest orators of the world—Beecher, Gavazzi, and Dr. Punshon, but the greatest of them all was the eloquent preacher whose loss we mourn. The greatest triumph of his eloquence that we ever heard was at the General Conference in Brooklyn, in 1872. As he referred to the happy deaths of the fallen heroes of the Church—Kingsley, Cookman, Thompson, and others, a tide of uncontrollable emotion

swept over the vast audience; sobs and shouts of "Hallelujah" were heard, and scarce an eye was undimmed with tears. And now, he too has joined the glorious company. He rests from his labours and his works do follow him; works of faith and labours of love which can never die. The words of his own "Pilgrim's Song" breathe the spirit that animated his life—may they be an inspiration to those who mourn his death.

"Offer thy life on the altar;
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
For there in the rest that remaineth
It shall grieve and shall weary no more.

Then work! brothers, work! let us slumber
no longer,
For God's call to labour grows stronger and
stronger;
The light of this life shall be darkened full
soon,
But the light of the better life resteth at noon."

THE PROHIBITION QUESTION.

Although our temperance friends at Hamilton have suffered a defeat at the polls in their attempt to carry the Scott Act, they have yet had a moral triumph. They have focused the attention of the community as it never was before in that city on the appalling evils of the liquor traffic. The victory of the "Licensed Victuallers" is only less disastrous than a defeat. Many of those who voted with them feel disgusted with their allies. The day of the voting notwithstanding the keen excitement, was quiet and orderly—because all the liquor-bars were closed. The day after the election, we are informed, "The bar-rooms did a roaring business, and the crowds got so uproarious that some had to close their bars to avoid disturbance, and drunken men were numerous. Several disturbances took place."

Such is the characteristic result of the two systems. Mr. E. K. Dodds vaunted on the 13th that "Hamilton by her verdict had sounded the dirge of prohibition for ever. This glorious victory would thrill through the whole country and reverberate even to the shores of the distant Atlantic, where the same fanatical leaders were urging a sim-

ilar crusade against popular liberties."

The very next day the Scott Act was carried in King's County, N.S., by a majority of over 1,200. Such was the echo from "the distant Atlantic." Since then, the Act has been carried in Annapolis County by a similar majority, and by a less one in the county of Halton. In fact, it has been carried in twenty-two out of twenty-five municipalities in which it has been voted upon. This does not seem like "the dirge of Prohibition."

City constituencies are notoriously hard to carry in favour of temperance legislation. There the vested interests of the liquor traffic are strongest. Every tavern is a centre of organized resistance to such legislation, and controls a phalanx of friends, dependants, and hangers-on, who, from sordid self-interest, debased and insatiate appetite, or more corrupt reasons still, labour strenuously for the perpetuation of the unhalloed traffic in the woes and sorrows of mankind.

Our friends in the rural constituencies, from the higher moral tone which prevails in such communities, have a far better chance to carry prohibitory legislation than the cities. We trust that in many of these the Act will soon pass, when, we are persuaded, the benefit will be so manifest as to convert multitudes of present antagonists of prohibition into friends. We congratulate the temperance workers of Hamilton on the great moral education of the community which cannot but result from the public discussion of their principles; and, although defeated for the time, nothing, we believe, is more sure than that final victory will be theirs.

The *Globe* Commission to investigate the working of Prohibition in Maine must have convinced every candid mind of its great moral benefit to that community. Even the anti-prohibition writer who was expected to curse it, has blessed it altogether.

In answer to the taunt which he seems to anticipate from his "anti"-friends, he says, "Nice man to call

himself an anti-prohibitionist! Why, he's giving us away all the time! But what am I to do? I was not sent here to distort or suppress facts, or to bolster up either side of this grave and great question, but to give a fair and candid statement of matters as they appeared upon careful personal investigation and conference with men of all shades of opinion. I have endeavoured to tell a plain, unvarnished tale—to 'clear my mind of cant,' and to speak of men and things just as I find them. These two facts seem to be established beyond question, viz.: that the people of Maine, with much fewer natural resources than the people of Canada, are more thrifty, prosperous, and comfortable—and that, after thirty years' trial of prohibition, the public opinion of the State is overwhelmingly in favour of continuing and perfecting the law."

The duty of the hour is to educate the temperance conscience of the community, to keep on agitating the question, to carry the Act in county after county, till such a moral pressure shall be brought to bear that the cities—the last refuges of the traffic—can no longer resist. The struggle may be long and arduous, but we believe victory will surely come.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The political career of Lord Beaconsfield is one of the most remarkable in English history. That an attorney's clerk, of long-despised Jewish extraction, unaided by wealth or influential connections, by the sheer force of his genius and energy should twice become prime minister of the mightiest of modern empires, minister of finance of the greatest of commercial countries, and leader of an ancient and haughty aristocracy, is as marvellous as any of the romances of his own prolific pen. It is more like the elevation of the viziers of the Arabian Nights than like anything else we know in history. Among all the statesmen of Europe we do not think he has left his equal, save his own great English rival. At the Berlin Congress he was certainly the most astute and successful

of all the plenipotentiaries of the great powers; although his statecraft was more akin to that of Tallyrand or Metternich, not to say Macchiavelli, than that of the bluff, out-spoken Bismarck, or of the transparent Gladstone.

Notwithstanding his foreign extraction, Lord Beaconsfield was a chivalrously loyal and patriotic Englishman. Indeed, what we deem his faults arose from his fixed resolve to secure the domination of his country by every possible means. This is not the place to discuss his political career, which both in its home and foreign policy was characterized by many brilliant and unanticipated strokes: as, for instance, the passage of the Reform Bill of '67, the bringing of Indian troops to Europe, and the acquisition of Cyprus. If his public career had not been so striking, the record of his literary fame would have been much more so. In the departments of fiction, biography, political satire, lyric, and tragic poetry, he achieved remarkable success; and many of his novels—notably "Coningsby," "Lothair," and "Endymion"—have had a prodigious sale. But it was their political portraiture rather than their literary merit which gained such popularity. The noblest characteristic of the man seems to us his unfaltering interest and pride in the Jewish race. In "Tancred" and "Alroy" this is the chief *motif* of the story. His racial affinities seem also to have imparted an oriental splendour to his imagination and diction, not in harmony with more sober occidental taste. To this, also, may doubtless be attributed a sort of "veiled prophet" mystery with which he was wont to hide his feelings and policy behind an imperturbable exterior. He was a hard hitter in debate, or rather he wielded a rapier of exquisite keenness and polish, and transpierced his antagonists with the greatest grace and skill imaginable.

Yet he was a generous foe, and in the recent embarrassments of the Government he exhibited much forbearance, and, indeed, rendered valuable assistance to his equally

generous rival. In this lucre-loving age it is infinitely to his credit that while for successive periods the real ruler of the richest nation in the world, with the opportunities—had he deigned to use them—to become rich beyond the dream of avarice, he remained, to the end of his long life, comparatively a poor man. The faithful servant and honoured friend of his sovereign, he did much to enhance the dignity and prerogatives of the crown—a policy, we venture to think, not in harmony with the spirit of the constitutional government of the realm.

It is a generous rule to speak of the dead nothing but good, yet we cannot but feel that it must be a cause for regret to Christian patriots that the prime minister of two successive governments, the dispenser of the highest ecclesiastical patronage in the empire, should not in his life and writings have manifested a higher sense of the claims of religion. We do not remember, in the whole range of his writings, a distinct recognition of religion other than as a political influence; and in his prolonged last illness it was a cause of public comment, that no minister of that Church of which he was a political pillar, or of any other, was called to his couch.

ANGLO-ISRAELISM.

An able pamphlet on this subject has just been published by the Rev. B. W. Savile, M.A. (Longmans & Co.) Some of its conclusions we shall briefly summarize, as given in the April number of the *London Quarterly Review*.—Many theories have been put forth with reference to the Ten Lost Tribes. They have been identified with the North American Indians, the Afghans, Abyssinians, Samaritans, Nestorians, etc. The theory of the Anglo-Israelites is, that they are found in the inhabitants of the British Isles. But the British people are of very mixed origin,—Gael, Saxons, Phœnicians, Cymry, Romans, Danes, Normans, and others. "How is it," asks the *Jewish Chronicle*, "that the Saxons, assuming that they were originally Israelites, did not preserve

something of the Biblical story among the traditions of their race?" Yet they never practised circumcision, nor observed the seventh day as the Sabbath, nor reckoned the days after the Jewish manner, from sunset to sunset, but always from midnight to midnight; nor wrote from right to left, but the reverse; and our author concludes that the supposed connection between them and the British is merely an idle dream.

Many of the Anglo-Israelite interpretations of Scripture are very whimsical. Balaam's prophecy in Numbers xxiv. 18, for instance, is said to mean, "Turkey shall be a possession; the gate, also, shall be a possession"—that is, Constantinople, which England should seize at once—and the Amalek who is to be destroyed is Russia. Joseph's coat of many colours is said to symbolize the dress of the Highland brigade. Ephraim and Manasseh are England and America. Zelophehad's daughters (of the tribe of Manasseh), who petitioned for an inheritance, typified the Woman's-Rights movement of the United States; showing that the latter is Manasseh still! "A famous man with axes" (Psalm lxxiv. 5) is Mr. Gladstone; and he also is "Lucifer, Son of the Morning" (Isaiah xiv. 8-12), "for since thou hast fallen no feller has come against us"—but that was said before the General Election of 1880. They will hardly admit him to be an Israelite at all—unless, perhaps, one of the mixed multitude which came out of Egypt with Israel. The measurer of the temple (Rev. xi. 1) is the Astronomer-Royal for Scotland, measuring the Pyramid of Ghizeh; and the "binding of Satan for a thousand years" (Rev. xx. 2) signifies that for that period the *electric telegraph* will bind all nations in one! But in that case the "loosing of Satan for a little season" must mean the universal interruption of telegraphic communication for seventy-eight years.

One of the chief corner-stones of Anglo-Israelism is Jacob's Pillow, or "Stone of Destiny," brought by Jeremiah, together with the ark of the covenant, the two tables of stone,

and David's harp—now quartered on the Royal Arms of England—to Ireland, where all these relics but the "Pillow" were buried in the Hill of Tara. The stone was taken to Scotland, and upon it all the Scottish kings to the time of Edward III. were crowned, and since then all those of England. But this stone has no resemblance to the rocks in Canaan, and is exactly like those of Scone, where it was found; but that fact is a very slight obstacle to the robust faith of the Anglo-Israelites. Queen Victoria, it is claimed, is directly descended from the Israelitish sovereigns of Tara's Hill. "We hope," says the reviewer, "that Mr. Savile's pamphlet will have a very large sale, believing that it will render good service in checking a delusion which may seem to be comparatively harmless now, but which may work serious mischief if allowed to spread."

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

The offer of the splendid \$1.20 premium, MATTHEW MELLOWDEW, which gives the greatest satisfaction, and the recognized merit of this MAGAZINE, have had the effect of largely increasing its subscription list. Our clubbing offer is still maintained, viz.: Magazine and premium, \$2.30; Magazine and *Guardian*, \$3.50; Magazine, *Guardian*, and both premiums, \$4.10, the full price of which would be \$6.40. Back numbers can still be supplied.

We have just had a note from Mrs. Brassey, dated on board the *Sunbeam*, Gibraltar, expressing her gratification at the review of her "Sunshine and Storm in the East." We were unable to use all of the cuts from the book in those articles. They will, however, appear in future numbers.

The London *Methodist* says of this MAGAZINE:—"The volume for the past year is before us; and we must congratulate our Canadian cousins on the spirit and enterprise of their monthly Magazine. Its contents are varied, morally excellent, and some of high order, with every right kind of incentive to family readers. It will command a wide

circulation, and we wish for it god-speed." [BICHABO]

WE learn by an extract from the *Fanfulla*, Rome, of January 24th, that Mr. Ezekiel, an American sculptor, some time since was commissioned to execute in marble a bust of the celebrated musical composer, Abbe Liszt, for Mr. W. W. Lauder, only son of A. W. Lauder, M.P.P., of this city. The bust has been

finished, and will be brought to Canada by Mrs. Lauder on her return, which is expected shortly. This accomplished lady has just had issued, by Hodder & Stoughton, of London, a volume of "Legends and Traditions of the Hartz Mountains." It is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen of Italy. The writer's many Canadian friends will await with interest its arrival in this country.

RELIGIOUS AND MISSIONARY INTELLIGENCE.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, M.A.

WESLEYAN METHODIST.

The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M.A., President of the English Conference, has been very active during the year of his presidency, in holding religious conventions in various central places in England. Such gatherings accomplish much good, and give impetus to the work of God in the various localities in which they are held.

The Metropolitan Lay Mission is a somewhat recent organization in Methodism. The annual meeting was recently held in City Road Chapel. From the report presented we gather the following statistics:—The agents spent 9,687 hours in making 25,637 domiciliary visits; 672 mission room services were held, which were attended by 12,944 persons. Mission bands had been organized, which made 50,000 visits in wicked localities.

A memorial chapel is in course of erection, in London, in honour of the memory of the late Sir Francis Lycett.

The Thanksgiving Fund now amounts to \$1,483,185, of which \$973,700 has been paid.

An English correspondent states that there are twenty-three "Lives of John Wesley" published, in addition to an almost countless number

of sketches in magazines, quarterlies, or other serial publications.

As these notes are being prepared, the *Missionary Notice* for April has come to hand, containing the appointments for the annual meeting of the Missionary Society, to be held in Exeter Hall, London. The President of the Conference, Revs. Mark Guy Pearse, Charles Garrett, and Dr. Stoughton are to preach the sermons before the Society, previous to the public meeting; and on the Sabbath no less than 260 sermons are to be preached in the metropolis and the suburbs on behalf of the Society. A breakfast meeting and a missionary Love-feast complete the programme. The Right Honourable the Lord Mayor of London is to preside at the public meeting.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Dr. Otis Gibson recently baptized six Japanese young men, one Chinaman, four Chinese women, and one American child in San Francisco, California. Dr. Gibson is doing more to solve the Chinese problem than all the benighted politicians and bewildered economists in the land.

The missionary party from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, under the guidance of the Rev. J. J.

Ransom, consisting of the Rev. J. W. Roger, wife and child, the Rev. J. L. Kennedy, and Miss Mattie H. Watts, from Louisville, Ky., left for their destination in Brazil, March 26th. Miss Watts goes out under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

George J. Seney, Esq., a prominent and wealthy Methodist layman in New York, has of late made some very liberal donations to the cause of education and benevolence. Within a short time he has given nearly a quarter of a million dollars to the Wesleyan University, Conn. A few days ago he gave \$20,000 to Emory College, Macon, Ga. Such gifts will do much to lessen the asperities that have long existed between the north and the south. He has also appropriated \$240,000 towards establishing a Methodist Hospital in the City of New York.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

Ladies' Aid Societies have rendered much valuable service in the way of furnishing parsonages, upholstering churches, etc. They might greatly aid "The McDougall Orphanage," which is about to be organized in the North-West. "The Crosby Girls' Home" in British Columbia should not be overlooked. Both institutions are worthy of the sympathy and patronage of the ladies of the Church. Then willing hands could be usefully employed in making garments for the Indian children in those far-off mission fields, for whom there are so few to care. These institutions, if sustained as they deserve to be, will prove to be valuable auxiliaries to the mission cause.

We are sorry to learn that the minimum sum at first contemplated for the Relief and Extension Fund has not been reached. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as the Superannuated Minister's Fund, which is greatly in need of help, will only receive a small proportion, while an equally small sum will be all that can be appropriated to the Extension movement. A vigorous effort on the part of delinquents might still

realize a few thousand dollars, and so swell the amount to a sum approaching what was first anticipated. As many years must pass away before any such special effort can again be made, no circuit should allow the present opportunity to pass without contributing its share to the fund. Thousands are emigrating to the Prairie Province, for whose spiritual welfare the Church needs to labour.

A good report comes from the village of Nelsonville, which mission was begun some four years ago by the Rev. J. M. Harrison. A parsonage was just erected on a good one-acre lot, which has been neatly fenced. A church has also been erected, which, with the parsonage, makes church property in the village equal to about \$1,500. There are 105 church members. The mission comprises about 600 square miles of territory.

At Minnedosa, in the North-West Territory, a beginning of the right kind has been made. A Sunday-school has been established, which now numbers fifty children, with a Bible-class of more than twenty in attendance. A good spiritual work is in progress among the children.

The Montreal special correspondent of the *Christian Guardian* recently reported "a good, rousing missionary meeting, which was held in the First French Methodist Church of that city. The proceeds were \$440, being \$140 more than was raised in the same Church last year."

Our brethren in the Maritime Conferences are full of activity in pushing forward the various enterprises of the Church. From a recent issue of the *Wesleyan* we were pleased to note that showers of blessing are descending on several circuits. In others, some generous friends, by means of "Donations," are supplementing the grants to their worthy pastors. In some places steps are being taken for the erection of churches, while in others it is reported that the missionary receipts will be far in advance of last year.

The following indicates that the harvest is still more plenteous than the labourers. A gentleman from

Grand Manan recently said to a reporter of the *Daily Sun*, St. John: "There are quite a number of adherents of Methodism on the Island, without a pastor, though repeated appeals have been made to the Conference. Occasionally a Methodist minister comes along and is warmly received."

THE DEATH ROLL.

Since our last issue the pale horse and his rider has entered the abodes of several ministers, and conveyed some loved ones to their long home. At least three esteemed brethren have been deprived of their beloved wives. In addition to these the Rev. Robert Darlington, who entered the active work in 1840, and retired in

1848 in consequence of ill health, since which time he has resided at Brooklin, and laboured with the utmost of his ability until April 4th, 1881, when he exchanged mortality for life. He was greatly beloved as a man of sterling integrity. In the village where he resided for so many years his name was as ointment poured forth.

A day or two after the demise of Father Darlington, the Rev. William Hawke, of Grimsby, was called to his reward. He had been about twenty-seven years in the ministry, and it was hoped that there were still many years of usefulness before him, but the Master has called him up higher. May we fall at our post!

BOOK NOTICES.

The Church of the Future. By ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, Archbishop of Canterbury; 12mo., pp. 212. Macmillan & Co. and Methodist Book Rooms. Price \$1 20.

The opinions of the venerable Primate of all England on this important subject are entitled to great weight. This anticipation is not disappointed by their intrinsic worth. One is struck by the large-minded wisdom of his views, the breadth of his charity and the depth of his piety. The Church of the Future is discussed in a series of diocesan charges under such aspects as its Catholicity, its conflict with the Atheist, the Deist, the Rationalist and its Dogmatic teachings. Under the first he shows the catholic relations of the Church of England to the Greek, Oriental and to the Non-conforming Churches as their ally in the protest against Roman usurpation. In striking contrast to certain Anglican dignitaries of lesser grade he states that he has been for thirty years a member of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which contains among the vice-presidents the names of forty Anglican Bishops.

He warmly promoted the Burials Bill and anticipates most pacific results therefrom. He notes with pleasure the unity given to all the Churches by their catholic hymnody. Were all churchmen like the good primate the relations of the "Church and the Denominations" to use without assenting to, a current phrase would be much more cordial.

He recognizes the drift of current thought and literature towards scepticism and gives wise suggestion how to meet it, not by pulpit argument but by a stronger grasp of the truth, purifying the life and character. He pays a worthy tribute to the Wesleyan revival, but characterizes as narrow the Oxford revival of fifty years ago. The Rationalistic views obtaining even in a section of the Church he declares to be a "New Gospel" to which no place must be given. While, like our own Dr. Pope, taking no narrow view of strict verbal inspiration he stands firmly by the supernaturalism of Christianity as its very spirit and essence. Instead of being an obstacle to its reception this gives it its mighty power over all hearts in every

age. He urges Christian conciliation with opponents and making the truths in which we agree an argument toward those we would teach. The dogmatic teaching of the Church may require continual re-consideration and re-adjustment, especially in relation to science and philosophy, without the least shifting of its abiding theological basis. The doctrines of sin and holiness and the atonement can never change. The practical counsels for churchmen, though more appropriate for Anglicans are full of wise suggestions to every Christian. Seldom have we read a book with whose manner and matter we have been better pleased. Addressed by an Archbishop to learned clergy it is as simple in expression as a parish sermon, and is even marked by an occasional colloquial Scotticism. Its spirit is not polemical but irenical, the spirit of the Master who prayed that His followers might all be one. The official labours of the venerable primate in his seventieth year may be inferred from his statement that he maintains communication with the 102 Anglican bishops scattered throughout Christendom. None of the great historic occupants of Lambeth Palace have, we think, exhibited in their high place more of the spirit of their Master than that manifested in this book by the present Archbishop.

Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.

By the Hon. ROBERT CURZON.
London: Robert Murray.

This is not a new book but the fifth edition of an old one which we have long been anxious to see. Mr. Curzon probably saw more of the Levantine monasteries than any other man. He was an accomplished and classical scholar, was possessed of ample means, and had a passion for Eastern travel and for the collection of ancient MSS. This is not a dry-as-dust report of the antiquarian research. Save perhaps Kinglake's "Eothen," which it resembles in its polished literary style, we know of no more charming book of travel in Eastern Lands. The old monasteries, some of which date from the sixth, and even

fifth, century, were the natural depositories in which were preserved the precious MSS. of the classical and sacred writings, which would else long since have perished. During the long dark night of the Middle Ages, in these the light of learning feebly glimmered, preserved from entire extinction by the diligence of monkish copyists.

Mr. Curzon explored first the famous monasteries and lauras of the Nitrian Desert, in Upper Egypt, and purchased some precious MSS. which littered as neglected rubbish the oil cellars or covered the oil jars of the monks. It will be remembered that Tischendorf rescued from the ovens of the monks of Mount Sinai, one of the most precious Biblical MSS. extant, worth more than its weight in gold. The monasteries of Thebes, and of St. Sabba in Palestine, yielded their proportion of treasures in exchange for Frankish gold. Some of the richest "finds" were discovered in the almost inaccessible monasteries of Meteora, in Albania. To some of these the only access is by a windlass which raises the visitor by a rope some 200 or 300 feet in air. Engravings of some of these eagle-like eyries are shown. At Monte Casino, in Southern Italy, the site of the monastery founded by St. Benedict in A.D. 529, and elsewhere we have ourselves noticed similar religious edifices perched in almost inaccessible places.

The most remarkable group of monasteries in the world is the famous score or more of Mount Athos, the largest one having about 300 monks. These adopted the rule of St. Basil, by far the most rigorous of any, seldom or never eating meat, and fasting over 100 days in the year. So holy is Mount Athos that since the days of Constantine, it is averred, "it has never been contaminated by the tread of woman's foot" and no female animal of any sort is tolerated. So the good monks have not even the addition to their austere diet of fresh eggs or milk. Some of them, early brought to this stern seclusion did not remember to have ever seen a woman, and formed their only conceptions of their

appearance from the time-stained "Panagia or All-Holy One," the Madonna on the altar.

About £20 seems to have been the average price paid for a tolerably perfect Biblical or classical MS. Some Mr. Curzon was quite unable to procure, and one fine Syriac MS. of date A.D. 411, which he left behind with poignant regret, was afterwards purchased for the British Museum. The contents of these monasteries were chiefly, however, books of theology and Church Services, great massive tomes of vellum in ponderous covers, with stout handles attached for opening them. We saw several of these in the old Scriptorium of the Convent of San Marco, at Florence.

Our author witnessed a tragical scene at the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on the Easter ceremony of giving the Holy Fire. A tumult arose in which over 300 persons were killed and the Turkish Bey and Mr. Curzon himself narrowly escaped with their lives. He had sundry adventures with Bedouin robbers, Albanian brigands and other gentlemen of the predatory kind, all of which he recounts with much vivacity and graphic skill.

The Anti-Slavery Struggle and Triumph in the Methodist Episcopal Church. By the Rev. L. C. MATLOCK, D.D., pp. 379. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price \$1.50.

The relation of American Methodism, both North and South, to slavery has been much misapprehended. During the long struggle with this hydra evil there has been much bitter feeling, and much hard speech. But now that the struggle has passed into the realm of history, the calmer and wiser spirits, on either side, can better appreciate each others merits and demerits, and the difficulties in the solution of the most stupendous social problem of the age. The evil spirit of slavery rent the church, and before it could be cast out well-nigh rent the nation in twain. The writer of this book is especially qualified to tell the story of the struggle. He was in the thick of the

fight, and could say, "*magna pars fui.*" He was an "original abolitionist," and was excluded from the ministry of the church on account of his persistence. His book is written at the request of several leading members of the General Conference of 1876. He writes with full knowledge of the facts, often derived from personal experience, yet with calmness and candour. He nothing extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice. The record of the relation of Methodism to this great evil, notwithstanding certain "backslidings," is, on the whole, one of which it need not be ashamed. Not the least valuable part of this book is the vigorous discussion of the subject is an introduction, written in his own strong, clear style, by the Rev. Dr. Whedon.

First Decade of the Woman's Foreign Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, with Sketches of its Missionaries. By MARY SPARKES WHEELER, pp. 346. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Price \$1.50.

One of the most remarkable developments of recent missionary enterprise is that described in this book. Only eleven years old, it has already contributed to the Evangelization of heathen lands over \$500,000, and over forty brave-hearted and devoted female missionaries. Its history reads like a romance. In 1869, eleven ladies met in a parlour in Boston and organized this Society, and now it has branches all over the Union. We rejoice at the organization of a similar Society in connection with Canadian Methodism. The ladies thus labouring on behalf of their heathen sisters, will find inspiration, instruction and encouragement in this volume. Portraits of some of these noble missionary pioneers accompany the sketches of their lives and labours.

Popular Amusements. A Sermon by the Rev. W. J. HUNTER, D.D. Pp. 26. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price 10 cents.

This sermon is a sort of sequel to that on the pleasure dance, pre-

viously noticed in these pages, and, like it, has been given to the public in response to a general desire, that its mission of usefulness might be enlarged and perpetuated in its present form. There is nothing ascetic about this discourse. It strongly defends rational and healthful recreation. It strongly condemns immoral and questionable amusements—the theatre, the card-table, excessive athleticism, and the like; and it adduces sound argument in vindication of the views expressed. We commend this practical discourse to the attention, especially of young men.

From Death unto Life; or, Twenty Years of my Ministry. By the Rev. W. HASLAM. 12 mo., pp. 312. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co; Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price \$1.50.

This is a very remarkable book. It is the religious autobiography of a rector of the Church of England. He was a High Church ritualist, much given to church decoration and outward ceremonies, but ignorant of experimental religion. One day an evangelical friend by his faithful dealing brought him to a sense of his spiritual condition. He felt that he could not preach, and resolved simply to read the service. As he read the familiar words, they had a new meaning to his soul, and he, forthwith, began to speak from his heart to the people as he never had before. A Wesleyan local preacher in the congregation sprang to his feet shouting "The parson is converted, Hallelujah!" The parson joined in the outburst of praise, and a revival began, in which hundreds and thousands were converted. In one case a meeting was held for three days and nights, and in another for eight days and nights without intermission, fresh workers and hearers coming as out-wearied ones went away. The work spread from parish to parish, throughout Cornwall and the South-west of England, in a manner unparalleled since the Wesleys' days. The zealous revivalist, met with much opposition and

persecution, even to personal assault; but he held on his way with ever widening influence. The book abounds in admirable sketches of Cornish character, and revival incidents as extraordinary as any recorded in Wesley's journal. "Save Bunyan's "Grace Abounding" we know of no more remarkable or soul-quickenng spiritual biography.

A Summer in Prairie Land. Notes of a Tour through the North-west Territory. By the Rev. A. SUTHERLAND, D.D. Pp. 208. Illustrated. Toronto: Methodist Book and Publishing House. Price, cloth, 70 cents; paper, 40 cents.

The literature of Christian Missions has received another valuable contribution in this handsome volume of Dr. Sutherland's. It embodies his experience and observation during a tour of missionary inspection, extending over some 6,000 miles. Of this, 1,300 miles were travelled on horseback or in waggon, and 700 miles in open boat. He traversed the Great North-west Territory, from the Rocky Mountains to Winnipeg, visiting the principal missions, and studying the capabilities and necessities of the country. He brings back a good report from this land of promise—the most magnificent expanse of virgin soil that remains unsubdued on the face of the earth. This is a book for the patriot and the Christian, giving more adequate views than most of us possess of our grand inheritance, and kindling our missionary zeal to plant throughout its length and breadth the Christian institutions and ministrations, which alone can give a high and noble character to its future civilization.

It may well be imagined that, in such prolonged and adventurous journeyings, many striking and amusing incidents, "by flood or field," would occur. These Dr. Sutherland has described in his own graphic manner, and with his characteristic wit and humour. Every page bears evidence of his keen powers of observation, and of his vivid delineation. The emigrant,

whether from the Old World or from the older parts of Canada, will find in these pages much useful information and much judicious advice. The sketches of buffalo hunting, Indian camp life and "powwows," mountain climbing, river fording and the like, will interest even the least thoughtful reader; while the records of missionary trial and triumph, of Indian love-feasts and mission services, will touch every Christian heart. Seven full-page engravings add to the interest and value of the book, and its elegant appearance is a credit to the publisher.

The "Exposition" Expounded, Defended, and Supplemented. By its Author, Rev. JOHN CARROLL, D.D.; pp. 139. Toronto: Methodist Book Room and Publishing House. Price 40 cents.

In this latest book which has come from his prolific pen, the Rev. Dr. Carroll has given us what he designates "A needed Exposition, or claims and allegations of the Canada Episcopal, calmly considered by one of the repulsed 'seceders.'" This was also the title of a former pamphlet on this subject, but it here appears greatly enlarged and supplemented with replies to the criticisms which the former treatise called forth. It contains a brief epitome of Canadian Methodist History from 1790 to 1832; a clear account of the circumstances which led to the blending of the British and Canadian Methodist Churches, and an account of the opposition to the Union which afterwards arose. The important opinion of Chief-Justice Robinson, in the celebrated Waterloo Church case, is given in an appendix. We would be glad if there were no need for such polemical writing. If our M. E. friends would consent to let those long past issues lie dormant we think it would be better not to revive them. But they have not done so. It is in the interests of truth and righteousness that Dr. Carroll has written this Exposition. It is written kindly, yet strongly. From it the younger generation of ministers and members may learn the

facts of the so called "secession" of our Church, and be prepared to estimate at their true worth the assumptions of our friends of the M. E. Church.

Mr. Goldwin Smith has reprinted, for private circulation, a selection in an 8vo. volume of 336 pages, from his lectures and essays. The latter are chiefly from the *Contemporary Review*, *Macmillan's Magazine*, *Canadian Monthly*, and *New York Nation*. Among the more noteworthy essays are: The Greatness of the Romans, The Greatness of England, The Great Duel of the Seventeenth Century, The Ascent of Man, the Proposed Substitutes for Religion, The Labour Movement, What is Culpable Luxury, Early years of the Conqueror of Quebec, Falkland and the Puritans, Alfredus Rex Fundator, The Last Republicans of Rome, and others. The manner of their issue prevents our attempting to review these essays by one of the ablest of living writers. They are not on sale, but we are given to understand that any friend desiring a copy may obtain one on application to the author.

We have had the opportunity of examining the printed pages of about one-half of Cornish's Encyclopedia of Canadian Methodism. It will make a volume of about 800 octava pages, and will be the most complete ecclesiastical record possessed, so far as we know, by any Church in Christendom. It deserves, and we hope will have, the patronage of every Methodist minister and layman who is able to afford it. The typography and press work are in the best style of our Book and Publishing House, and the book will have several portraits and other engravings.

ONE of the best, brief popular treatments of the current scepticism of the day, that we have seen, is a Sermon by the Rev. J. H. Potter, M.A. It is entitled "The Scientific Believer," and shows that Solomon, the wisest of men, was a true man of science, and yet a devout believer in the creative power of God.

WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE ?

Words by Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

Music by C. DARNTON.

f Boldly.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His help-ers,

cres.

Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?

Response.

p

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go? By Thy call of mer - cy,

cres. f fall.

By Thy grace di - vine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are Thine.

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior-psalm;
But for love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died:
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on His side.

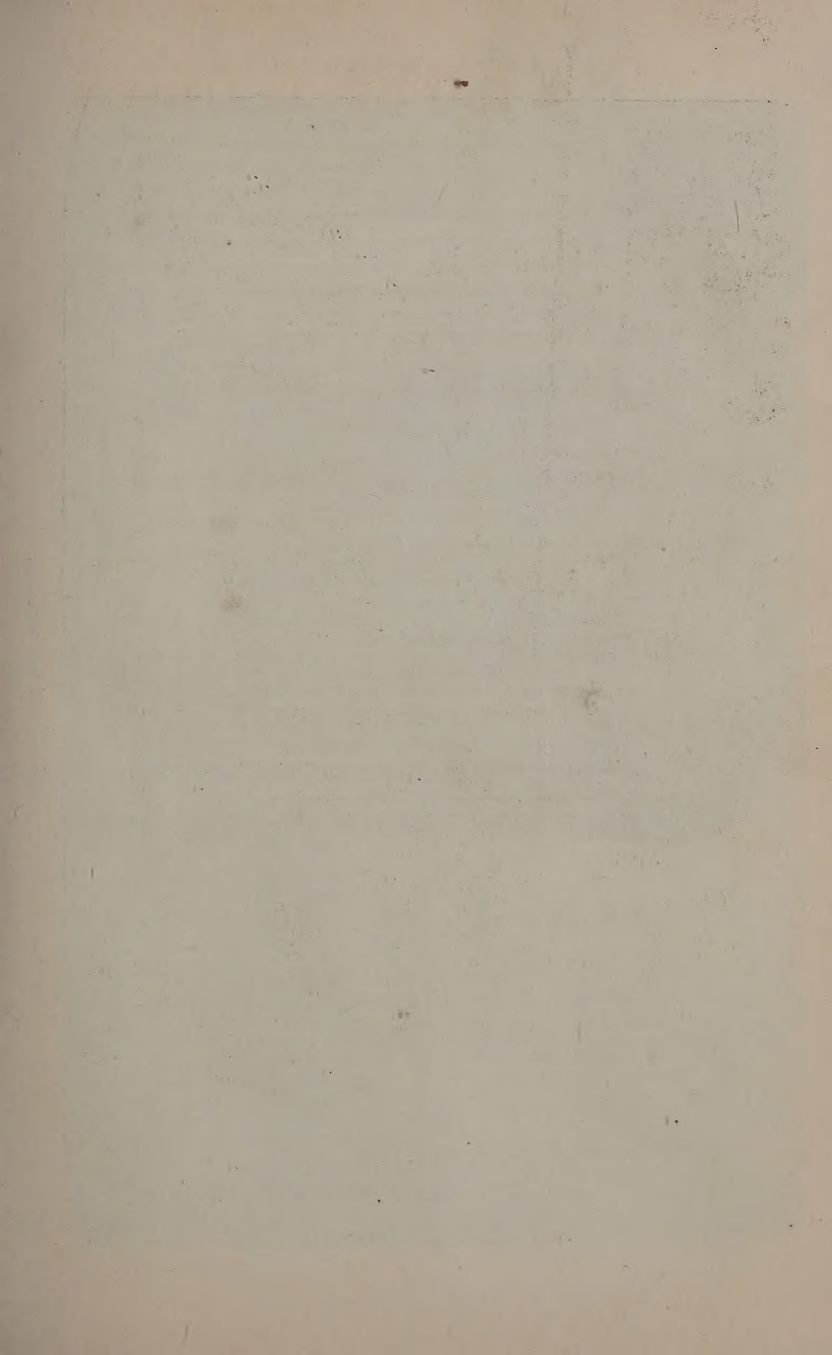
RESPONSE.

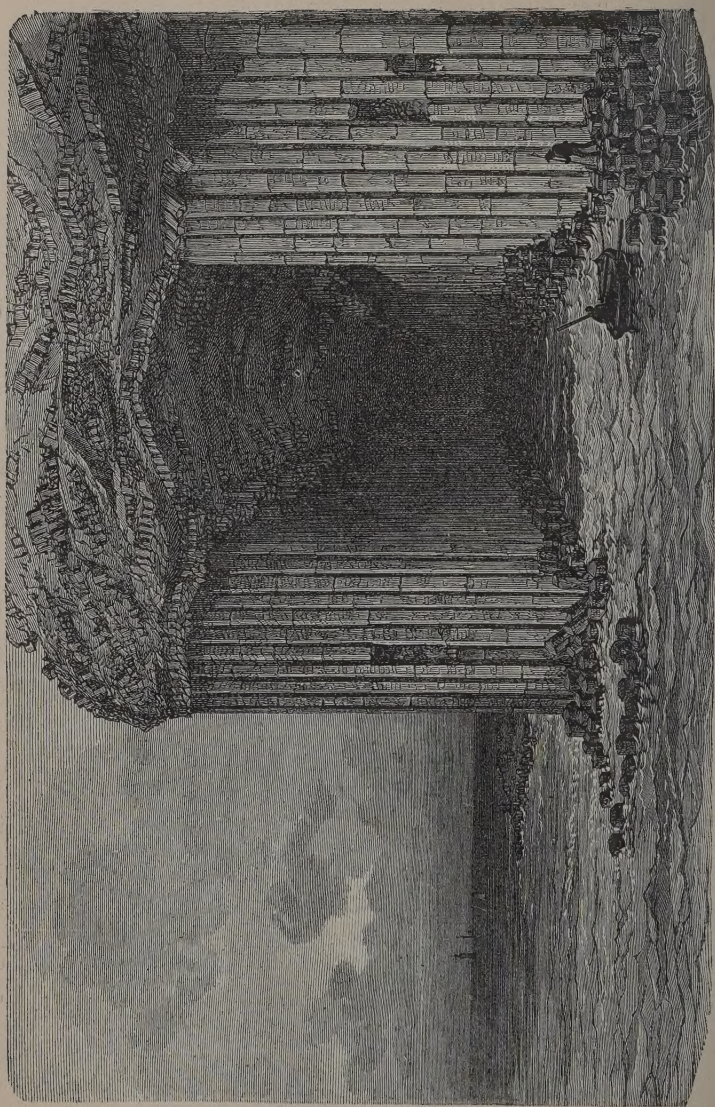
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side.
Saviour, we are Thine

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.

RESPONSE.

By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side;
Saviour, we are Thine.





FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.